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HONGKONG & KOWLOON

No. 37111 SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1958. Price 30 Cents

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Singapore

SINGAPORE'S Chief Minister, Mr. Lim Yew Hock has shown himself to be a worthy recipient of the wider powers to the entrusted to him when the colony shortly achieves self-government. In the year since the London conference, Lim has acted with resolution and courage in suppressing Communist attempts to foment disorder. Britain is therefore right to let Singapore control its own internal security. It will be recalled that it was on this vexed question that the first constitutional talks with Mr. John Marshall's Government broke down. And in view of the importance with which Britain regards its Army, Navy and Air Force installations on the island, the ceding of internal security powers to a local administration has aroused deep misgivings. Even now the British Government retains through the Internal Security Council, an important say in these matters. And while it is hoped that it will never have to force the Singapore Government to carry out against its wishes a Security Council order, it must be said that the safeguard is a wise one.

THE British Government also has the right to suspend the constitution under certain conditions. This is no reflection on the personal abilities of Mr. Lim, but the Colonial Office has had experience in post-war years of premiers and governments which have gone off the rails. And in view of the convulsions that have overtaken Singapore without warning in the past, Britain is wise to insist on precautions. One regrettable feature of the new arrangement, however, is that Lim will fight his first election in a self-governing Singapore against a diluted opposition. For the British Government wants to maintain the ban on subversive contesting Legislative Assembly elections. This places Lim at a big disadvantage. The result will give no clear indication either of his real standing or the support for the left-wing, already known to be strong. Better for Lim to know how he stands right away while Britain retains some authority than to expose Singapore to a possibly dangerous political free-for-all when independence comes. Better for Singapore, better for Britain.

Reserve Marine Group Landed In Lebanon

Beirut, July 25. A reserve battalion of about 1,500 United States Marines began landing here today from offshore transports. The battalion arrived here a week ago from Cherry Point, North Carolina, in a non-stop airlift with aerial refuelling. As soon as they landed they were transhipped to transports at sea. A reserve Marine spokesman said tonight it has now been found "more convenient" to have the reserve ashore. They are being deployed in the Beirut area. The last support and supply troops for the 24th Infantry Division's Airborne Group also arrived today. The

total number of United States forces ashore is now about 10,000 — 6,000 marines and 4,000 Army personnel. A Marine spokesman was questioned at a press conference tonight on liaison between American troops and the Lebanese Army. He said this "continues to be good" but did not indicate how the liaison worked and to what extent, if any; there were any overlapping duties beyond joint military police patrols. The spokesman said earlier statements (by the Defense Department in Washington) that American troops

were here to relieve the Lebanese Army for anti-insurgent operations were "mistaken." An Air Force spokesman, asked the purpose of reconnaissance flights over the Lebanon, said: "A great deal of aerial photography is being done. We are getting a lot of useful topographical information." The spokesman, asked if the Air Force had found any evidence of infiltration from Syria, replied, "There does not seem to be much." Pressed on this point, he amplified, "At least not from what I gather in the newspapers."—Reuter.

Canadian Last Saw His Parents In Hongkong

Wiesbaden, July 25. A YOUNG Canadian who last saw his parents in Hongkong in 1932 and fears that they died in a Nazi concentration camp, has written from England to ask the West German police for help to trace them. Robert Joseph Newman, 28, from Montreal, was only two when he and his two sisters were left in the care of nuns in Hongkong. Mr. Newman, who wrote from his sister's home at 38, Holmsley Street, Burnley, Lancashire, England, said he changed his name from Niemann and and is a naturalised Canadian.

Never Came Back. His parents told the nuns they were going to Europe for a year because Mrs. Niemann had suffered a nervous breakdown—but they never came back. Police officials said here the Hongkong police confirmed the story.

He said his parents told the nuns they were German citizens—but they left no documents and the children were unable to prove their nationality. Mr. Newman said at first he had not been interested in tracing his parents. But not knowing what had happened made it difficult to get jobs—and would also deter any girl he might want to marry.—Reuter.

Criminology Institute

London, July 25. The British Government plans to announce soon the creation of an Institute of criminology—first of its kind here. It would be linked with the universities, training workers and teachers in criminal research, and providing instruction for magistrates, probation officers, police and prison officers.—China Mail Special.

FIERCE FIGHTING IN BEIRUT

Fourteen Dead In New Wave Of Violence

By LARRY COLLINS

Beirut, July 25. The bloodiest fighting since a U.S. Marine peace force landed here nearly two weeks ago erupted tonight between opposition and Government forces.

Unofficial reports said 14 persons were killed and another dozen wounded in the new violence. The incidents did not in any way involve U.S. forces here, which now are 10,000 strong.

The fighting took place within a confined area near Al Khayad Hill, the highest in the city. Tense Note. It came as Soviet Russia injected a new tense note into the Middle East crisis by warning Turkey to abandon an alleged plan to attack Iraq. Russia warned the Turkish Government it had received reports that the Turks are "preparing to begin military operations against Iraq in a few days' time."

The fighting here took place among closely grouped buildings at the bottom of the hill. Snipers and government troops engaged in shooting duels from neighbouring roofs. The hill is held by the rebels. The battle, strangely, did not attract much notice in Beirut despite the number of casualties and the possible significance of the flare-up.

Queen Advised To Stay In London

London, July 25. Queen Elizabeth, recovering from "catarrhal" ailments, is making very good progress but has been advised to remain in London over the weekend, it was learned at Buckingham Palace tonight.

She was visited this morning and tonight by her doctors. A second irrigation of the affected sinus, part of the treatment originally planned by the Queen's doctors was successfully carried out last evening.—Reuter.

Recognition

Babat, July 25. The Moroccan Government has decided to recognise the new Iraq Republic. It was announced here today after a cabinet meeting.—Reuter.

CYPRIOT EDITOR RELEASED

Nicosia, July 25. A Greek Cypriot editor gaoled for six months on July 11 was released tonight by order of the governor, Sir Hugh Foot. He is George Hadjicicolaou, 40, editor of a leading newspaper, Eleftheria.

He was sent to goal when he refused to sign a bond for £250 promising not to publish articles considered by the government to be likely to disturb the island's tranquillity.

READINESS

An official announcement tonight said that earlier today editors of Greek and English language newspapers in Cyprus passed a unanimous resolution declaring their readiness to make efforts to secure a cessation of the existing friction and bloodshed between Greeks and Turks in the island.

No Comment

Washington, July 25. The State Department spokesman today refused to comment on the results of the mission in Lebanon of the Assistant Under-Secretary of State, Robert Murphy, acting as President Eisenhower's special political representative in the Middle East.—France-Press.

BIG DOWNPOURS FLOOD COLONY ROADS

Heavy rain which began falling on parts of the island before midnight last night and spread to over the rest of the Colony during the night flooded many Colony roadways. Tung Shan Terrace, near Wongneichong Road, was blocked by a landslide which occurred at about 9.45 this morning. Earth and rocks were washed on to the road from a building site. Police are diverting traffic.

The rain was so heavy that over one inch of rain was recorded in one hour between 8 and 9 a.m.

The total rainfall recorded at the Observatory up to 9 a.m. was 1.13 inches. The big nullah, a section of which runs underneath the Jockey Club at Happy Valley, was a raging torrent. Huge crests of the mud-coloured water surged down the nullah as the water raced madly out to sea.

Sandbag Used

The race course itself resembled a lake. Most of its grass surface was under water. The cinder track was completely water-logged. Heavy flooding occurred outside the Parade Cemetery in Wongneichong Road as water rushing down from the hillsides overflowed on to the roadway. Districts in the Wanchai district were under water and in some instances shop keepers stacked sandbags to keep the rain out. The Hongkong Cricket Club grounds was also water-logged, especially the lawn bowls green.

Pre-Summit Talks To Be Held In London

London, July 25. The Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan and the U.S. Secretary of State Mr. John Foster Dulles will hold pre-summit talks in London on Sunday morning, the British Government announced tonight.

They were expected to make a swift review of the major Middle-East issues likely to come up at the summit meeting in a first step towards lining up a solid Western front. They will also discuss possible dates for the summit get-together. Mr. Dulles arrives in London late tomorrow evening after stopping over several hours in the West German capital of Bonn for a quick talk with Chancellor Konrad Adenauer.

Working Lunch

The meeting with Mr. Macmillan will take place at 10 Downing Street, the Prime Minister's official residence, on Sunday morning, officials said. The Foreign Secretary Mr. Selwyn Lloyd will also take part. The main purpose of the Dulles visit is to attend the meeting of Prime Ministers of the Baghdad Pact which opens on Monday at Lancaster House.

Message

Beirut, July 25. King Hussein of Jordan has sent a message to President Chamoun of Lebanon on the Middle East situation, authoritative sources said here tonight. They declined to give any further details.—Reuter.

Soviet Actions In Mid-East May Be Examined

By STEWART HENSLEY

Washington, July 25. President Eisenhower made it plain to the Soviet Union today that if a summit meeting is held, the U.S. will examine the Soviet role in fomenting strife in the Middle East.

In a letter to Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev, Eisenhower rejected his earlier proposal to limit the summit meeting to

U.S. and British troop action in Lebanon and Jordan. The President also told Khrushchev it would be up to the United Nations Security Council to say who may participate in the proposed conference and what under what conditions it should be held. The permanent members of the Security Council who would make such decisions are Britain, Nationalist China, France, Russia and the United States. The President's insistence on considering broad Middle Eastern

problems raised the possibility that the United States might ask the Security Council to invite Israel to attend the New York sessions. The United States traditionally has declined to discuss matters directly affecting other free nations in their absence. American officials said one test of Soviet intentions now will come when Khrushchev discloses whether he is willing to let ambassadors of the big powers at the U.N. take over plans for a summit meeting or

whether he continues to keep exchanges on the propaganda level of letters between the chiefs of state. Britain gave a quick welcome tonight to President Eisenhower's reply to Mr. Nikita Khrushchev. A Foreign Office spokesman said: "The British Government welcomes the United States reply and its support for a special Security Council meeting." "We were fully consulted on its terms."—U.P.I. and Reuter.

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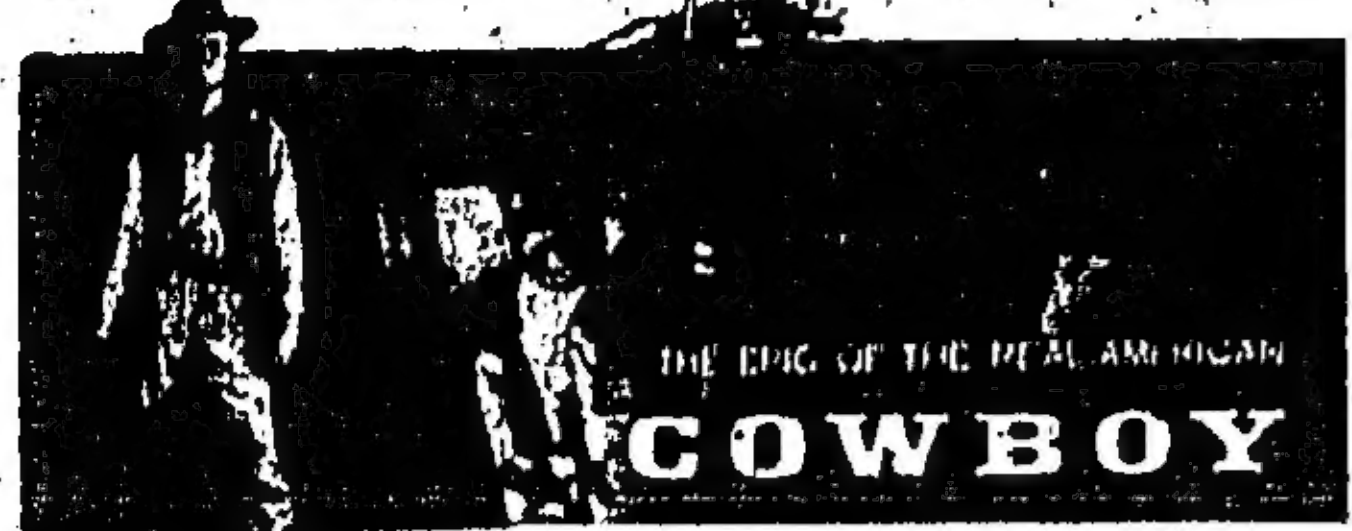
1 measure Bacardi Rum
Juice of 1/2 lime (or lemon)
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Shake well with cracked ice and strain.

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KING'S PRINCESS

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

IT'S REALLY THE
BEST BECAUSE IT'S
REALLY THE WEST!



THE KING OF THE MOUNTAIN
COWBOY
GLENN FORD JACK LEMMON
ANNA KASHI - BRIAN DONLEVY
Technicolor

in **MEGASCOPE**

KING'S TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

At 11.00 a.m. Columbia presents
THE THREE STOOGES
and **TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS**
Variety Programme

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS WEEK-END MORNING SHOWS

To-day at 12.30 p.m. Paramount presents
Elizabeth Taylor • Danna Paton
ANDREWS • FINCH in
"ELEPHANT WALK"
in Technicolor

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. M-G-M presents
TOM & JERRY Technicolor Cartoons
Variety Programme

To-morrow at 12.30 p.m. Columbia presents
William Holden • Kim Rossell
"NOVAK" • "RUSSELL" in
"PICNIC"
in CinemaScope & Technicolor

Free drinks of GREEN SPOT at both shows

Morning Show Admission: 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

IT WAS OLD CALIFORNIA'S HOUR OF LIFE OR DEATH!



BRIAN KEITH RICK JASON RITA GAVI - MALA POWERS

BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of
"SIERRA BARON" At 12.30 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
CHARLIE CHAPLIN in LATEST FOX
"GOLD RUSH" TECHNICAL CARTOONS

EXTRA! EXTRA! AT THE ROXY: TO-MORROW
FREE "GREEN SPOT" AT ALL PATRONS
At 12.00 Noon, 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
Performances.

HOOVER: LIBERTY

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NOW PLAYING

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

M-G-M's MASTERPIECE OF EXCITEMENT FROM THE
MASTER OF TERROR ANDREW L. STONE



A Shock Drama of Mounting Tension & Chilling Suspense!
It'll Keep You On the Edge of Your Seat!

Latest News of the Day
AMERICAN TROOPS LANDING AT BEIRUT.
SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE AT REDUCED ADMISSION
HOOVER at 12.00 noon LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.
Dean Martin Marlon Brando
Jerry Lewis in Joan Peters in
"SAILOR BEWARE" **"VIVA ZAPATA"**

FILMS Current and Coming by Lucy Downing

CINEMAGOERS at the Roxy and Broadway will see the adventures of a young scion of Spanish nobility whose ancestors had been awarded a Princess grant of land in California. He is the hero of "Sierra Baron," Miguel Delmonte.

Delmonte, played perhaps a little stiffly but with dignity by Rick Jason, rides to California from Mexico after hearing of the father's death. His sister Felicia tells him that their father was killed by trespassers on their land.

Rita Gam, a dark-eyed beauty who surely deserves a more euphonious name, plays the part of Felicia and completely outshines Mala Powers who appears as a tragic widow later in the film.

The male acting honours are held securely in the brawny grasp of Brian Keith as Jack McCracken, a hired gun-man who changes sides partly because of the attractions of Felicia.

The picturesque landscapes in De Luxe CinemaScope and the delightful interiors of the luxurious Spanish residence are contrasted with stark desert scenes and the shoddy shanty town being erected through the activities of a mercenary land agent, played by Steve Brodie.

There is discussion about the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo signed by the United States and Mexico at the end of the Mexican War in 1848, by which Mexico gave a large portion of territory comprising the present-day south-western states to the U.S. Government.

Brodie as the smart-aleck Bynum exhorts prospective settlers to buy land and is gambling on the possibility of the U.S. Government refusing to recognize the old land grants like Delmonte's. He has hired a killer to dispose of Delmonte and loses the services of McCracken upon whom a vicious vengeance is wreaked.

McCracken is nursed by Felicia who tells him that she will buy his services with a jewelled cross, an old family heirloom. This is kept by McCracken as a talisman who manages to thwart all Bynum's attempts to kill the proud Mexican.

Delmonte's kindness to immigrant families after their desperate desert crossing and his search for a young widow who has married behind with her dying husband, brings him a few friends who finally stand with him against the townsmen's massed attack.

The plot is incited by Bynum when he hears that the treaty has been ratified and the rights of such landowners as Delmonte are recognized. But Delmonte tells the people that they may keep their property, his fight is with Bynum alone.

There is an exciting gun battle with tragedy and romance in this Twentieth Century Fox film which should draw good houses.

THE film of "Dunkirk" is being flown out to the Colony for the British Legion Gala Premiere to be held on Monday, August 11, at the Hoover Theatre at 9.30 p.m.

His Excellency the Governor and Lady Black, with H.E. Sir Edric and Lady Baysan together with Colony's chiefs of staff, will attend the fine Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture of the days of deliverance at Dunkirk. Featuring John Mills, Richard Attenborough and Bernard Lee, this Michael Balcon Production is based on Ellington Trevor's novel "The Big Pick-up" and on "Dunkirk" by Lt.-Col. Ewan Butler and Major J. S. Bradford.

Sir Winston Churchill described the evacuation of troops at Dunkirk as a "miraculous" and warned that the attributes of a victory must not be assigned to it, "war is not won by evacuations."

With this in mind, Michael Balcon went to work first of all creating the "phony war" atmosphere before the German breakthrough. Well built-up with newsreel shots, the collapse of the B.E.F. with its bewildering effect on some sections is realistically produced.

Corporal John Mills finds himself commanding reluctantly a platoon of the "Wildfire" Reg-

ment. Bernard Lee and Richard Attenborough are civilians who have sailed across the Channel as smooth as a lake. With hundreds of other small craft owners they play their part in lifting nearly 400,000 men from the beaches.

The epic endurance of men waiting in the sea and on the shore with the might of the German blitzkrieg all around is moving and full of suspense. But after the deliverance there is no illusion of victory. A sergeant-major at the depot where the remnants of the platoon are once more drawn into the army machine bellows: "Come on now, anyone would think you had won the war." The Churchillian spur to greater achievements.

NOW a gay Agfa-Colour fanciful film of "The Valiant Little Tailor" who bluffed others and himself into performing heroic deeds for which a King promised him half his kingdom and the Princess. This is showing at the Metropole and Star.

Little Shrimp outwits giants who prey upon the King's domains and robs the farmers. When the giants have been tricked into killing each other, the King prevails. The favourite Prince Dandy wants to marry the Princess, but Shrimp feels the jealous rage of the sultan by tripping a fierce unicorn and vicious wild boar, and using clever subterfuges.

Traute, the lady-in-waiting, is his faithful help-mate and finally Shrimp is carried to the palace by a cheering mob. The Royal party flee and Shrimp is enthroned beside Traute. Cheerfully whistling, he takes out his needle and thread to mend a rent in her gown.

Scenario by Kurt Berthold, directed by Dr. Holmut Spieß, with attractive performances given by Kurt Schmiedchen, Christel Bodenstein, Giesela Kretschmar and Horst Drinda.

"CHASE A Crooked Shadow" at the Lee and Astor, is a British mystery story set in the Costa Brava locale with Richard Todd impersonating the dead brother of an attractive heiress (Anne Baxter), sole surviving child of a South African millionaire.

With Herbert Lom, not very well cast as a Spanish police official, and Faith Brook who provides many of the blood-curdling crooked shadows, this thriller has been well-directed by Michael Anderson who squeezes the last drops of sustained suspense out of the tricky plot.

Anne Baxter as Kim Prescott is convincingly tense as she goes through the stages of anger, fear and then mental collapse without a trace of over-playing her role.

A trick ending is inevitable and David Osborn and Charles Sinclair, authors of the screenplay have conjured a final twist which will surprise most cinema-goers.

THE author and director of "Cry Terror" at the Hoover and Liberty, Andrew L. Stone, has employed more of the framework of the old-fashioned shocker, kidnapping, extortion, blackmail and the chase along the subway track.

There is the time-bomb on an aeroplane, a 19-storey structure without a fire escape which involves the breathtaking bad time James Mason has in shining down a liftshaft. But it is all a little too clever and one's critical faculty is jolted into acceptance from time to time.

Nevertheless there is some excitement and drama to chill the spectator and fine acting by a strong cast headed by an anxious Mason and menacing Rod Steiger.

This film has been lifted as a good example of a high-powered low cost movie which has slipped expensive films and

kept the audience moving so fast from one thrill to another that any weaknesses in construction are apt to be unnoticed.

THIS is a mixed bag of entertainment for the weekend with five new films presented for diverting entertainment.

Briefly there are two Westerns, two thrillers and one fairy tale fantasy. But the Westerns are quite different—

one is of the tough trail, of ruthless cattlemen, who rest up in the atmosphere of "crimson plush and gilt gentility of Chicago hotels."

This is "Cowboy" showing at the King's and Princess, starring Glenn Ford and Jack Lemmon, who both give splendid characterisations.

"Sierra Baron" at the Roxy and Broadway has a colourful, historical build-up and portrays attempts to oust the wealthy Mexican landowners from Californian pastures reached only after great hardships by early pioneer settlers. A well-balanced and thrilling adventure story, from the other side of the American continent.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

LEE & ASTOR: "Chase a Crooked Shadow," Richard Todd in a thrilling whodunit with Anne Baxter, Herbert Lom and Alexander Knox. Directed by Michael Anderson. Shadowy mystery story involving a lonely heroine (Anne Baxter) recuperating from family bereavements, who finds a plausible rogue (Richard Todd) in possession of her Spanish villa. He claims to be her lost brother and has uneasy knowledge of her personal idiosyncrasies; convinces her uncle (Alexander Knox) and police official (Herbert Lom)—almost anyway.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Cry Terror," James Mason in a suspense film with Rod Steiger and Inger Stevens. Story of a television repairman involved in time-bomb manufacture as a supposed Army project. He is duped by a crooked kidnapper and used as a cover by the extortioner. His wife and child are used for the purpose of collecting extortion payment with mounting tension while awaiting his capitol. Portland Mason, the precocious daughter of James Mason, has a part in the film and another child actress Terry Ann Ross.

A Virginia and Andrew Stone production.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Sierra Baron," Thrilling historical Western starring Rick Jason as the Spanish owner of the

Princess grant of land in the early pioneer days. Beautiful scenery and stirring action, with colourful Spanish interiors and rich costumes.

Covered wagon settlements and their hardships in the desert, sanctuary in the Princess range and gold-miners and land-grabbers' activities are included in this panoramic film of Twentieth-Century Fox.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Cowboy," Glenn Ford as a ruthless cattleman, Academy Award Jack Lemmon as the tenderfoot who wants to be the real American cowboy. Anna Kashfi (Marion Brando's wife) and Brian Donlevy are also in the cast. Columbia's Technicolor epic of the West as it really was, produced by J. M. W. S. Blumstein and directed by Delmer Hayes.

METROPOLE & STAR: "The Valiant Little Tailor," A gay little German fairy tale about Shrimp, a brilliant journey-man tailor who wears a belt with the inscription "Seven with a single blow." This refers to seven flies squashed on a slice of bread and jam but gives Shrimp courage to perform more feats of derring-do.

At the court of King Grumbler he accepts the task of freeing the country of two tyrannical giants and has a series of exciting adventures, helped by Traute, Court lady-in-waiting. In Agfa-colour and starring Kurt Schmiedchen, Christel Bodenstein, Giesela Kretschmar and Horst Drinda. Take the children to see this film with its fanciful and fabulous landscapes.

COMING

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Witness for the Prosecution," An expensive, mystery melodrama brought to the screen through United Artists. An Arthur Knorrhow production starring Charles Laughton, Tyrone Power and Marlene Dietrich, with Elsa Lanchester and John Williams.

Agatha Christie received nearly half a million dollars in United States currency for the sensational story, adapted for the screen by Richard Wilder, and as a stage play it was famous for its unexpected and baffling ending.

With Charles Laughton, distinguished and articulate as ever, as a brilliant barrister: Tyrone Power as the flammable accused husband of Marlene Dietrich who gives damaging testimony against him. Elsa Lanchester gives an inimitable performance as the barrister's private nurse who would like to tie him to her apron strings.

LEE & ASTOR: "Geordie," A British film with a reputation for a box-office record - broken, godfather Alastair Sim and Bill Travers, introducing North Gerson as Sean. Happy and delightful a film for the family to enjoy. About a little boy in Scotland who wants to grow up to be very big and does. Eventually he is chosen to throw the hammer for Britain in the Olympic Games.

He doesn't want to leave his native heath and his best girl friend and being homesick and unhappy, falls an easy victim to the Nordic

charms of the lady champion shot putter of Denmark. Good music by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Band of Her Majesty's Royal Marines (Portsmouth Group).

KING'S & PRINCESS: "This Ago," Anthony Perkins and Silvia Maccario teamed as brother and sister on the moon-soaked Thailand coast in Technicolor and Technicolor. From Marguerite Duras' novel "Les Vagues" a cruel, brilliant story of misery, intolerance and calamity on the Indo-China coast, entwined with the wicked delights of the Bangkok bazars.

Excellent performance by Jo van Fleet, willing to suffer indefinitely for her all-consuming ambition. Anna Kashfi as Claude and Richard Conte as Michael provide passionate interludes for the angry brother and sister who leave the land for life in the big city.

METROPOLE & STAR: "Paris Holiday," Starring with stars—Bob Hope, Fernandel, Anita Ekberg, Martha Mier and Irene Tunc. How to see Paris without being in-continental—Elita Foweraker, Monique, Marlene, the Tullerics and the Left Bank with hilarious Hope, funny Fernandel and winsome woman.

A riotous romp centred on a ministerial episode set-up with Hope and Fernandel adding for the first time on film. United Artists release, also in Technicolor and Technicolor.

Lee & Astor

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Also starring ALEXANDER KNOX, FAITH BROOK, Sponsored by DAVID OSBORN and CHARLES SINCLAIR. Directed by MICHAEL ANDERSON who directed "Around the World in 80 Days"

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

LEE THEATRE At 12.00 noon 3 STOOGES COMEDIES and TECHNICAL CARTOONS from Columbia

COMING SOON "GEORDIE" WATCH FOR IT!

ASTOR THEATRE At 11.00 a.m. TECHNICAL CARTOONS from Paramount

At 12.30 p.m. "THE STUDENT PRINCE"

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

WONDERFUL STORY! LOVELY SCENE! THRILL AFTER THRILL! FULL OF ACTION!



A Super German Production in AGFA COLOR

Starring: Kurt SCHMIDTCHEN • Christel BODENSTEIN

With Superimposed English Sub-titles

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES

STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.

UNIVERSAL FOX LATEST TECHNICAL CARTOONS PROGRAMME

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 12.30 p.m. James Cagney in

"WHAT PRICE GLORY"

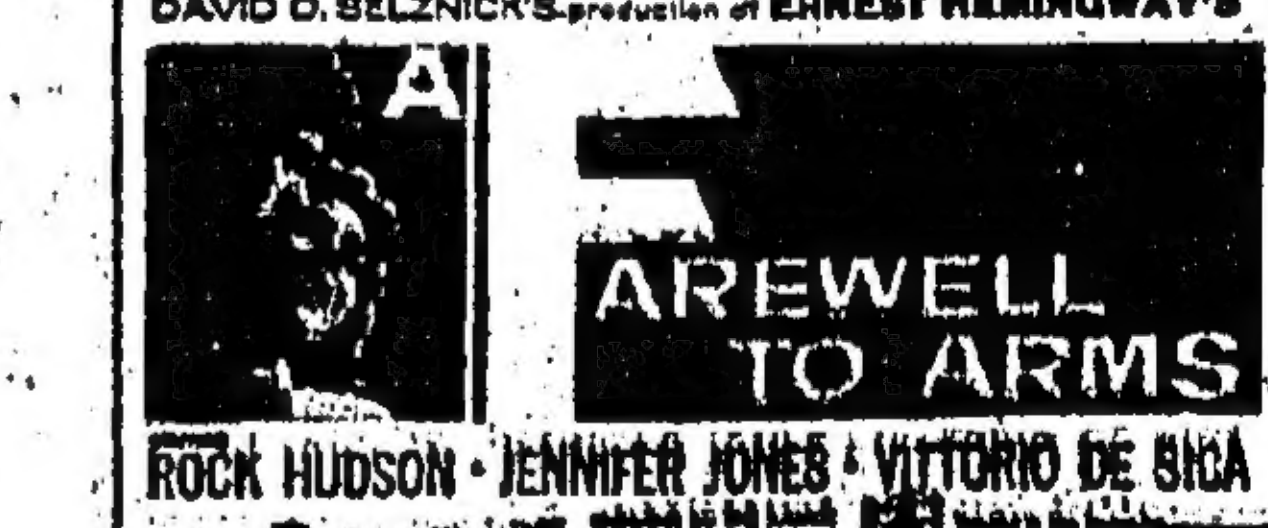
A Fox Picture in Technicolor.

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

2nd WEEK — SHOWING SIMULTANEOUSLY TO-DAY

Owing to length of film, please note change of times!

3 SHOWS TO-DAY: 2.30—6.00 & 9.15 P.M.



DAVID O. SELZNICK'S production of ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S

AREWELL TO ARMS

ROCK HUDSON • JENNIFER JONES • VITTORIO DE SICA

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30

"A TALE OF 2 CITIES" "ORIENTAL EVIL"

CAPITOL CITY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

CAPITOL CITY

ROCK HUDSON • JENNIFER JONES • VITTORIO DE SICA

"A TALE OF 2 CITIES" "ORIENTAL EVIL"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

ITALIAN TOWN OF RAGS

Kings Of Old Pants And Dirty Shirts

Prato.

ALMOST every inhabitant of this town of 60,000 deals in rags. Prato, located 15 miles north-west of Florence, is an industrial town using its 190 industrial plants 120,000 tons of rags every year. In fact, "City of Rags" is what the Italians call Prato.

Prato is doing very well in its industry, specialised in the treatment of rags which arrive here from almost all parts of the world.

Smell And Dust

The raw material includes anything from old suits to old nightgowns, "Cardinal's" robes, flags, uniforms or hats. This terrible mass of old stuff is sorted out and then after recutting the special Prato treatment, becomes "English wool" and is destined to flood the domestic and the cheap international markets.

Old rags are everywhere in Prato and the air is filled with the smell and the dust of them. Business is booming and Prato

has "Kings" of old pants and dirty shirts.

The Pratesi started dealing in rags as early as the 12th century but it was another kind of work, then. They just used to buy and sell them, a sort of simple trade. But then much later the British started sending to Prato secondary cloth to be treated the Prato way and then reshipped to Britain to be sold on cheap markets.

Immediately the Pratesi got a new idea. Why should not they collect anything old, give it the Prato treatment—which incidentally is a secret—and then sell the stuff at home and abroad? The First World War helped them in carrying out their idea. Between 1915 and 1918 Prato's rag industry supplied the Italian Army with 6,000,000 blankets and 7,000,000 metres of green grey cloth for the uniforms then worn by the Italian soldiers.

Soft Wool

At the end of the war, worn or surplus uniforms returned again to Prato to be transformed into soft "wool."

During the Second World War, the Pratesi again supplied the cloth for the Army. And again after the war all the surplus left by the Italian, German and Allied armies flooded Prato. Some of the uniforms carried the holes of the bullets or were smeared with blood. But the Pratesi did not care. Since the end of the Second World War practically all the Pratesi went to work on rags.

Apparently they are doing all right, as many of them have become "kings" of rags. Prato now imports rags from abroad, even from the United States.

The Pratesi say that the old stuff which arrives from the Anglo-Saxon countries is still in good shape and much better than that which arrives from the Latin countries. Furthermore, they say that in old clothes coming from rich countries it is possible to find money and valuables. One of the Prato rag dealers said that in an overcoat which arrived from the United States he found U.S.\$400 and in a pocket of a woman's dress he found a ring worth 250,000 lire (HK\$2,400).

Smuggling

But the Pratesi went too far. At a certain moment some of them thought they could import also other things in the bales containing rags. Valuable objects, foreign currency, and some say even narcotics, were smuggled in the bales on rags.

Police, however, got wind of the clandestine imports and today whenever a shipment arrives at the Prato station, a policeman makes the bales to make sure they contain only rags.

Smuggling has ended, but the rags industry is flourishing ever more. Between 70 and 120 freight cars, according to seasons, arrive daily at the Prato station.

The 'Honest' Pick-Pocket In A Bus

Milan.

AN "honest" pick-pocket handed back a wallet here when he recognised his victim as the lawyer who obtained an acquittal for him two months ago.

Lawyer Adameo Deoli Cechis found his wallet missing when he stepped out of a Milan bus. But less than one minute later somebody tapped him gently on his back.

"I apologise, sir, for not having recognised you," the pick-pocket told the well-known attorney, "but that bus was just too overcrowded. This is your wallet. I cannot rob the lawyer who won my acquittal two months ago."—U.P.I.



A FRANKFURTER eating contest took place recently in a restaurant in Old Compton Street in connection with the opening of the Soho Fair. All contestants had to have beards and the object of the competition was to see how many frankfurter sausages the competitors could eat without using their hands.

Two of the competitors pictured during the contest. Peter Heyman, of Ghana (left) and Peter Goff, a chemistry student of London, who won the competition.—Keystone.

By Gum, There Is Trouble At G.U.M.

Moscow.

BY gum, there's a scandal at Gum! Moscow buzzes. Racketeers in Russia's most famous shop, which stands in Red Square opposite the Kremlin, have been buying themselves cars out of money fiddled from the customers.

LAYS OWN TOMBSTONE

Cremona.

Grave-digger Luigi Bonvini, 66, laid his own tombstone last week.

Bonvini was lifting a heavy tombstone on a scaffolding when he lost his balance and fell from a height of 10 feet.

The tombstone fell after him, crushing him to death.—U.P.I.

The Man In The Red Velvet Suit!

Eastwood.

WHEN Sam Shaw, a 20-year-old labourer, walks down the street people turn to stare.

But it isn't because Sam himself looks different than anybody else. It's simply what he wears. Sam is probably the only man alive who owns and wears a red velvet suit.

Sam, who works as a £10 a week labourer, saved about £20 to buy a motor-cycle. Then he hit on the idea of the suit.

It cost him £45. But he figures it was worth it. "Since I have got this suit the girls have gone for me in a big way," he said. "But I didn't buy these garments to impress the opposite sex. I really like this colour. It makes me sort of noticed."

As he walked away from his home neighbours drew their blinds.

"They'll get used to it," he muttered.—U.P.I.

CONJUROR'S RAT CREATES UPROAR

London.

A WHITE rat owned by the conjuror June Merlin escaped from the Haymarket Revue Bar in Brewer Street and held up West End traffic.

The rat escaped from his cage in the dressing room, dashed out of a side exit and out into the crowded street.

Women screamed as the rat scuttled among street barrows and then took refuge on a window sill.

Miss Merlin produced the rat during her performance, after she had made a number of white mice "vanish."

When the rat was eventually got down from the window sill it was found to have died.—China Mail Special.

The whole sad conspiracy has been unveiled by an assiduous inventor and former employee of the shop by the name of Vessily Kruglov.

The racket was gloriously simple. Says the newspaper Izvestia, reporting the scandal: "Gloomy, third-quality stuff arrives at the store's warehouse. Warehouse racketeers, seeing no strangers around, label the stuff first quality and pass it on to the sales people. The difference resulting from the racketeers according to their position and merit."

New Machine

Back in 1954, Vassily Kruglov invented a new "bill machine" to stop the racket and repair the holes in the net.

"Kruglov undismayed, protested to the inventors' Bureau. Back at Gum they managed to arrange tests which discredited the machine, and in no time at all Kruglov found himself dismissed in the course of staff reductions.

New Order

"The director of Gum, Comrade Kambetov, and the trade union committee of the shop were surprisingly calm in accepting his exile," says Izvestia.

"Soon the inventor and his machine were forgotten in Gum."

But Kruglov was resolute and persistent. He had his machine tested by the magazine Inven-

tion and the Research Institute of Trade and Public Catering. "Excellent references followed. The Committee on Inventions declared Kruglov the inventor. "So now," says Izvestia, "do away with bookkeepers using the abacus. Put Kruglov machines in all department stores. You will save millions in economies."

But so far only the workers of the Pushkin Consumers Co-op are using the machine—this "blow" against the knights of reggrading."

Bad Luck Came With The Drum

GORDON HOLMAN

London.

MUTINY almost threatened in a British cruiser because of an unlucky drum. A replica of Broke's famous drum was presented to the pre-war Devonshire. Far from bringing good fortune, it became such an omen of bad luck that it eventually Royal Marines refused to set hands on it.

Triples DSO, Captain Eric Bush, who was commander in the ship, tells the story of the fear aroused by the drum in his book, Bless Our Ship (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 21s.), published last week.

Three months after the drum was taken on board Devonshire there was a gun accident in which 10 Royal Marines were killed.

Quick Action

Later, Turkish soldiers fired on a whaler from the ship, killing an officer and wounding two more.

It was after a man had fallen from aloft that quiet action had to be taken by the Devonshire's captain.

"I told that the whole ship's company was talking about the unlucky drum," he said. "We'll land it at once."

But the Marines, who were paraded to do the job refused to touch it.

Said one: "You can send me to detention if you like, sir, but I'm a married man with a family and I am not touching that drum—not for a pension."

Finally two volunteers were found. The drum was wrapped in a ground-sheet and hurriedly taken ashore.

It still exists as a ship's trophy—and a new Devonshire is being built for the Navy.

MAN WHO KILLED DOG WITH Mallet IS FINED

London.

THE death of a collie dog brought 47-year-old George Simpson into court last week. Because it died from multiple injuries and in "excruciating agony."

It was beaten over the head with a mallet, its skull was fractured and it was half-strangled, the magistrates at Chatham were told.

Prosecuting for the R.S.P.C.A. Mr. John Williams said that a woman living in a house overlooking Simpson's home in Mountbatten Avenue, Chatham, saw him gripping the dog between his knees, holding its collar with one hand and hitting it on the head with a mallet.

In agony

There were four or five heavy blows, and they made the woman feel faint, said Mr. Williams.

A man living near heard what he described as the sound of a dog in agony and saw Simpson dragging the limp body of the dog into a garden shed.

Simpson admitted to the police that he had killed the dog. He said he had tried to quieten it first as it had almost gone mad, then gave it a "rabbit punch" but had nothing in his hand.

After a post-mortem examination he told a police officer who pointed out that there was evidence of savage brutality that he had hit the dog two or three times with a piece of wood.

No time

"I did not hit the dog in temper," he said. "I was only thinking of the children."

A veterinary surgeon, Mr. Derek George Lewis, said that dog whatever time the dog remained conscious it must have been in excruciating agony.

Simpson was fined £20, with £15 17s. costs, with the alternative of six weeks' gaol if the fine was not paid at once. He said he could not pay and was taken from the court by the gaoler.

He was banned from keeping a dog for five years and told by the chairman, Mr. F. C. Lawrence, "I trust that by the end of that time you will have a little feeling for animals."

The Man With The Elastic Eye!

London.

DOCTORS watched anxiously as 52-year-old Henry Kingsland took out his handkerchief and cautiously blew his nose.

He smiled broadly, it's a bit painful but no so bad," Kingsland told doctors.

"Now for heaven's sake, don't sneeze," one of the doctors hastily warned.

BALLOONED

The whole thing started when Kingsland fell off his bike and bumped his nose. He blew it hard—and his left eye ballooned out like a tennis ball.

Doctors found he had cracked a tiny bone at the top of his nose, which was blocking the nostril and deflecting air into his eye. He was warned not to blow his nose and not to sneeze.

The test showed he could blow his nose gently. But it will be another two weeks before Kingsland can sneeze safely.—U.P.I.

Blantyre.

Among the mass of equipment which has arrived at the new £750,000 Queen Elizabeth Hospital at Blantyre, Nyasaland, is a shiny new bicycle. The mayor, Miss J. N. Alice, will use it on her rounds over 500 yards of accident.

Going gay at THE GOLDEN PHOENIX can be such fun!

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British Legion

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for the

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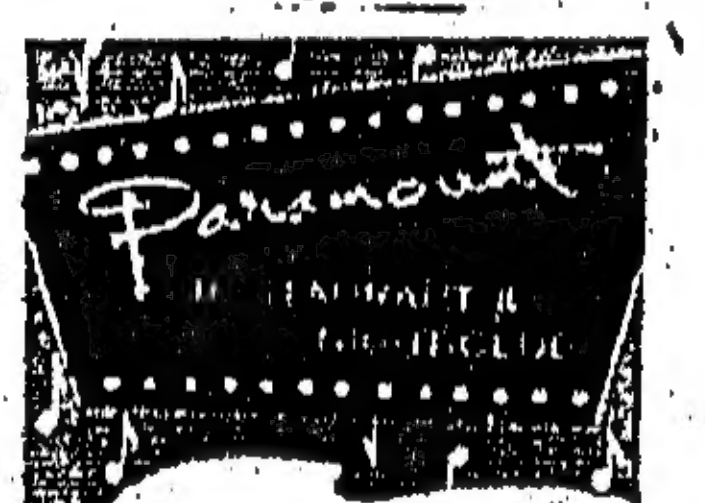
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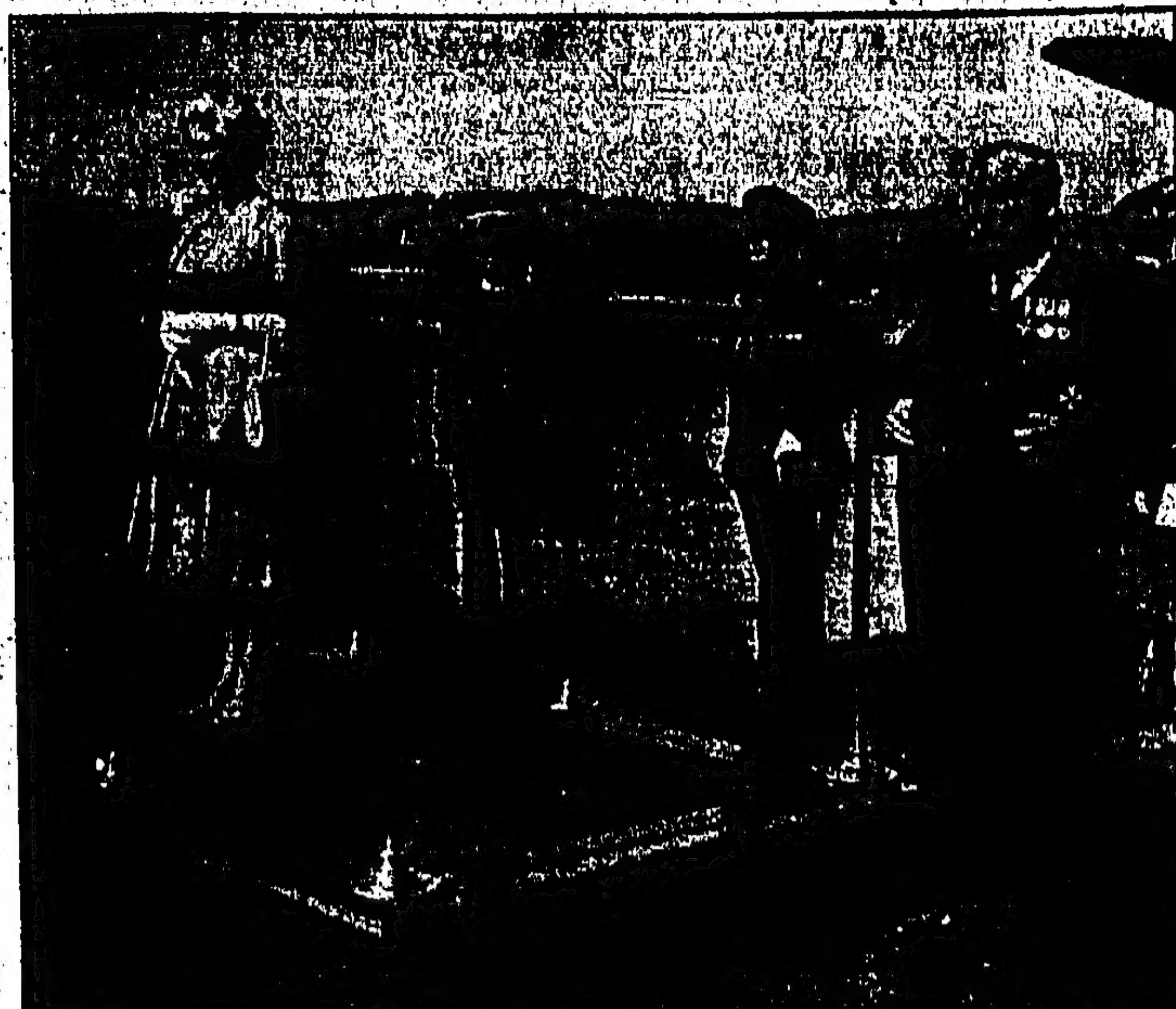
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Last debutante ever to be presented at Buckingham Palace is 20-year-old Miss Sandra Seagram, member of a Canadian family of distillers. She was presented recently to Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother at a Buckingham Palace garden party for British Commonwealth debutantes.



ABOVE: Boys who trespass often get chased by policeman, and usually outstrip the man in blue—hampered as he is by heavy boots and uniform. But these lads, after having a forbidden dip at Sonning, found that boots and uniform were no handicap to this bobby—PC Stan Eldon, champion runner, who represents England at the current Empire Games.



ABOVE: Princess Margaret takes the salute following her arrival recently at Patricia Bay Airport in Victoria, British Columbia.



ABOVE: Princess Alexandra chats with members of the Winant and Oster Volunteers—a basketball team—shortly after she opened the Joe H. Young People's Games Ground at Tower Hill recently.



★
LEFT: The International Eisteddfod at Llangollen, Wales, annually draws competitors from all over the world to display their skills in singing and folk-dancing. Here, Nanni Zambito and Anna Maria Guelli, both from Agrigento, Sicily, play their tambourines.

★
BELOW: The Duke and Duchess of Windsor are pictured preparing to take a boat trip to Lausanne, Switzerland. This is one of the first pictures taken of the Duke of Windsor since his discharge from hospital, where he has been having treatment following his recent severe attack of shingles.



ABOVE: The last air passengers to arrive in Britain from Bagdad since the eruption of the present crisis are seen landing recently at London Airport.



ABOVE: Greeting one another recently at Poole, England, are two former enemies—Commander Schulz, an ex-German U-boat commander (right) and Capt. Richard Baker, master of a British freighter sunk by Schulz in the war. Schulz and his wife arrived in England to spend their holidays with Capt. Baker.

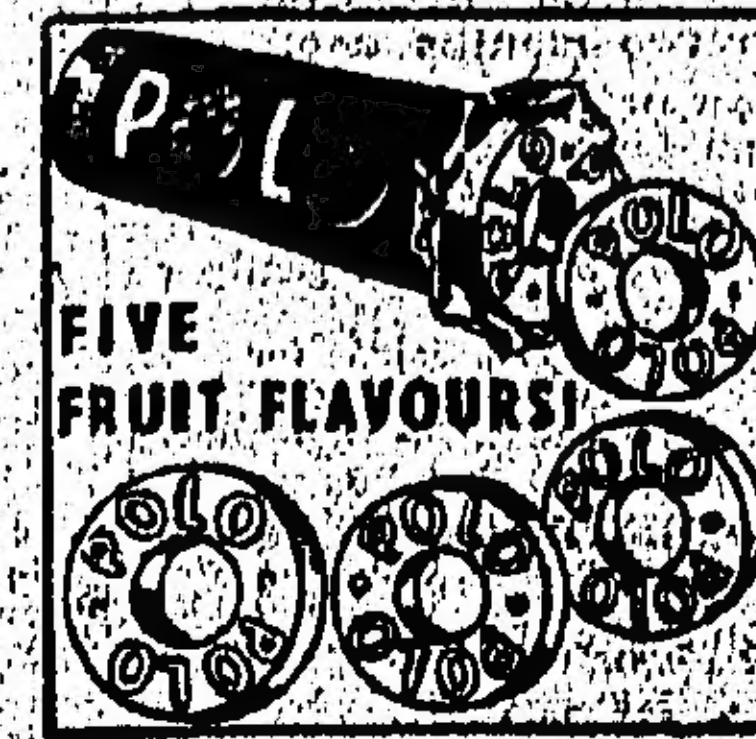
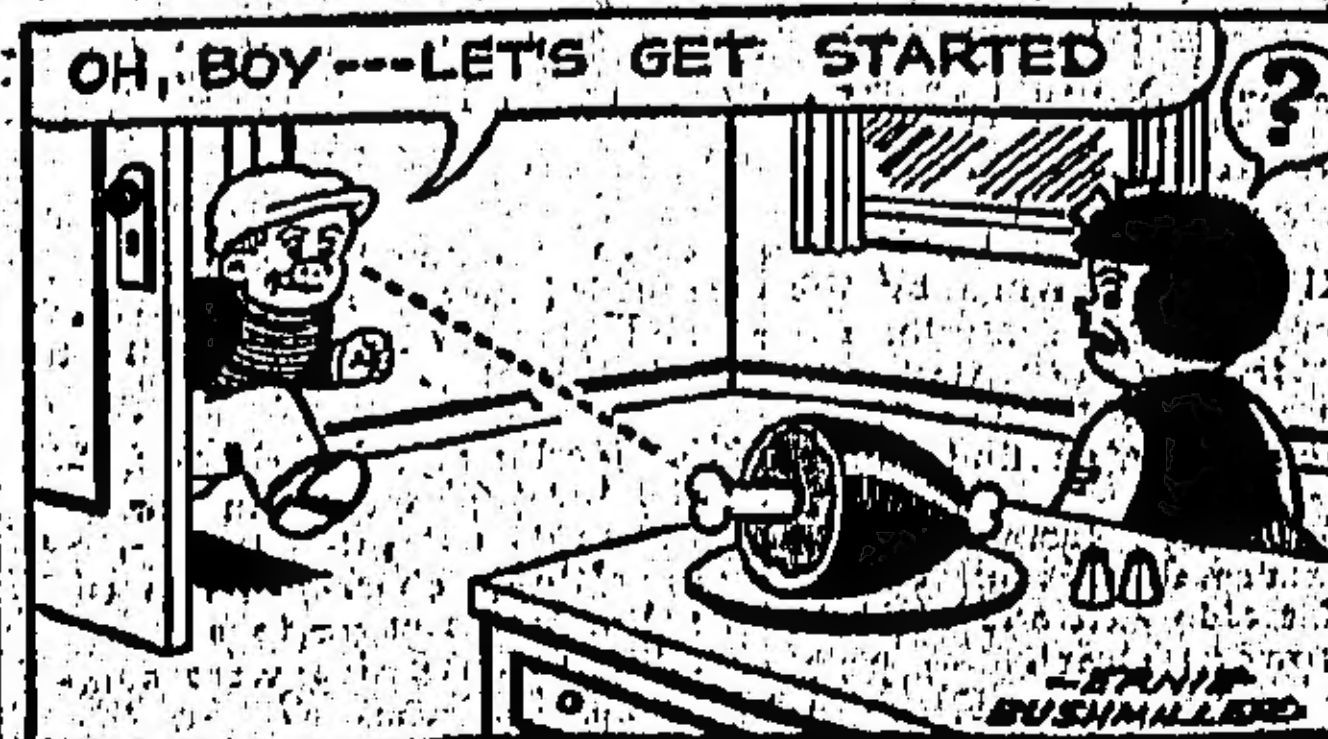
RIGHT: Jockeys in Nighties—The start of the Nylon Nighties Handicap at Moulsham, when the South Berkshire Hunt held a mid-night steeplechase meeting recently.



ABOVE: That's the way!—"Patrollette" Joan Stewart, 20, gives direction at Empire Games Village, St. Athan, Wales, to two competitors—Australian swimmer Dawn Fraser and Canadian cyclist Ross McKinnell.



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

Let's Take Hongkong's Word

By R. W. Thompson



FLAT-HEAD: *Platycephalus indicus* according to Herklotz and Lin; *Nasus chasu* (Ox-tail fish) according to local fishermen.

FLIN: An old Pidgin word for friend.

FLOWER HEART: Fickle, wavering, many hearts. Generally said of lovers according to Leland. *Pidgin-English Sing-Song*. It is a direct translation from the Cantonese *Fai Sam*.

FOKI: Employee. This word often appears in the Hongkong English-language Press. It is the Cantonese *Foh-Kel*.

FOR WHAT: Common Pidgin for what for? why?

GALOW: Also spelt *galaw, sala, gola, folow*, described by Leland as an interjection. It is used to translate part of the word *Excalibur* in the *Pidgin* rendering of that song. *Topside galow*, can it be the mild old English grunt, *Good-Lord?*

GO: Used as a future-marker: You go make that thing, do you mean to do that? (Leland).

GODOWN: A warehouse in parts of Asia. It is the Malay *godong* assimilated to 'go down'. Some early writers, according to the Oxford Dictionary, assert that their stores were subterranean which may partly account for the form the word has assumed in English. In Hickey's translation of Frederick's *Voyage* we read that "the merchants have all one house or *Magasin*, which house they call *Godon*." I repeat without embarrassment the lines taken from the *India Gazette* of 3rd March, 1881: "Godown" usurps the warehouse place. Compound denotes each walled space." Hobson-Jobson, given many variant spellings such as *godon, kadon, kadong, godown*.

GOLD: *Pidgin* for gold. Leland says that *golo-man* is a jeweller.

GOOD WIND! **GOOD WATER!** A most pleasant *Pidgin* farewell. It is the translation of some such Chinese phrase as *Cantonese Sun Fung, Sun Shui*.

GROUND CHIT: Leland says this means telegram.

HAVE GOT: Written *ha got, hab got*, etc. It is similar in usage as Cantonese *yau have*, meaning there is, there are, as seen in Leland's example: *Haab got one piece man, one piece girley room inside*. Linguists will remember French *il y a*, Spanish *hay* and Portuguese *ha* (*Macanese* *ten*) which behave in the same way.

HAIR-TAIL: *Trichurus haumeia*, a fish called *Taal Yue*, ribbon-fish. *Nkah Taal*, tooth-ribbon, *Psak Taal*, white ribbon by Hongkong fishermen according to Herklotz and Lin.

HAKKA: A Chinese people who speak two dialects of the eastern section of the Yueh group. They combine agriculture with inland fishing in the New Territories. The distribution of Hakka-speakers is plotted on a map published at the end of the Annual Departmental Report by the District Commissioner, New Territories, (1955-6) which contains other interesting facts about the Chinese peoples of the district. This name is sometimes (and probably wrongly) translated "Guest Families."

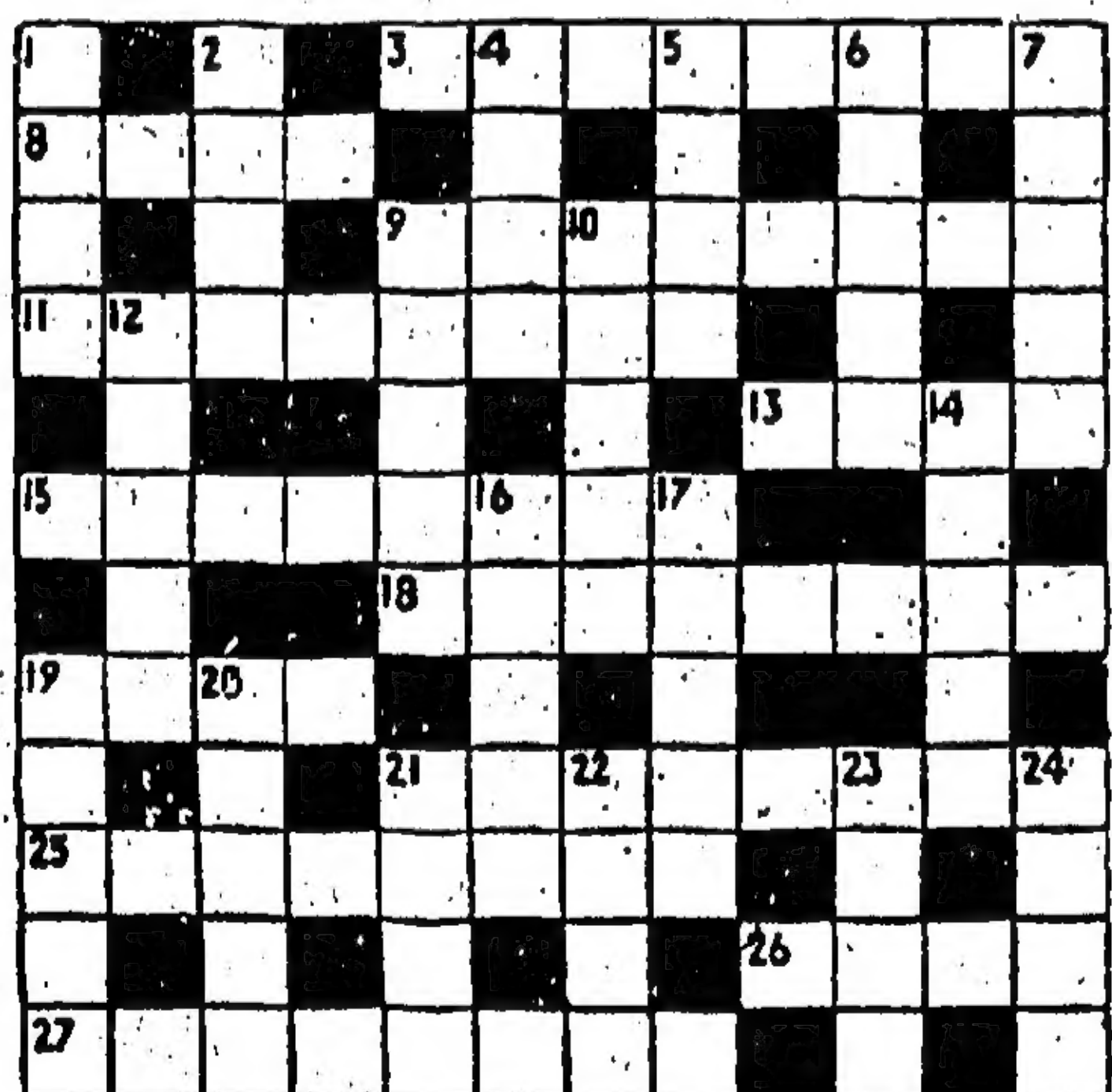
HOKLO: A boat-people dwelling mainly in eastern waters. They use this name themselves. *Hoklo* is a Min dialect similar to those spoken in the province of Fukien and in the Chiuchow, Hailukung and Kiangchow areas." (H.K. Govt. Annual Departmental Reports, District Commissioner, New Territories, 1955-56, p.3).

HONG: This word means row or rank in Cantonese. It was used for factory or double row of shops in the 1720s according to Hobson-Jobson. This excellent dictionary goes on to say that at Canton a *hong* was a warehouse or factory belonging to one of the European nations ("Foreign Hongs") and to those of the so-called "Hong-Merchants." These were a body of merchants who had the monopoly of trade with foreigners, in return for which privilege they became security for the good behaviour of the foreigners, and for their payment of dues. The guild of these merchants was called "The Hong." The monopoly seems to have been first established about 1720-30 and it was terminated under the Treaty of Nanking in 1842. The thirteen firms of Canton were known as the thirteen *Hongs*. A *hong*-boat was a kind of sampan with a small wooden house in the middle used by foreigners at Canton. The *hong* of Hongkong has a different origin. The character with which it is written in Chinese is often romanised as *Heung* to indicate the Cantonese pronunciation. The meaning of this element may be "fragrant." On the other hand the character used may merely represent the sound of a place-name whose meaning is now forgotten; so that Hongkong may have as much to do with fragrant harbours as has Birmingham with salt pig, Belfast with speed or Edinburgh with Adam and Eve.

HON: A Cantonese-speaking motorist's loan-word from English. It is the English "horn."

HOW-FASHION: What for? Why? What is the meaning? according to Leland who quotes the sentence: *How fashion you stop out so late?*

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- Caught breaking bounds? (5, 3)
 - Birds in some museums (4)
 - This is where we came in (8)
 - Fred for showing? (8)
 - Good Queen (4)
 - Weapon that takes some getting over to start with (8)
 - Diminished (8)
 - Homework clearly needs little preparation (4)
 - A catatrophic affair (8)
 - Gate-crasher (8)
 - Just think about it (4)
 - Moles take in a donkey—how sweet! (8)
- DOWN**
- Drop of water (4)
 - Flight limited to two (4)
 - Admits it might turn to snow (4)
 - Oniment from the Randl (4)
 - Light ent (5)
 - Muscles (6)
 - A support of art work (6)
 - Trying affairs? (6)
 - Inviting word (6)
 - Many need some shifting (6)
 - Lukewarm (5)
 - Outlets car for him! (6)
 - To be found in binoculars, for example (5)
 - Give praise (5)
 - Toll or tribute (4)
 - Old and dry (4)
 - Instructed to be tight? (4)
 - They may be both hard and soft (4)

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 1 Ramble, 4 Sedan, 7 Boundary, 8 Molar, 9 Paces, 11 Inertia, 13 Preface, 15 Widener, 16 Asper, 18 Headline, 20 Eager, 21 Eleven, Down: 1 Rub up, 2 Banns, 3 Easle, 4 Stylin, 5 Dog-latin, 6 Nutria, 10 Sweep, 12 Now-gate, 13 Exalt, 14 Anchor, 16 Delve, 17 Sheen.

ANOTHER STORY BY A HONGKONG WRITER

The Quiet Girl

By C. F. GRAHAM

IT was at first intended that only Lieutenant Curtis and I were to climb the hill to Castel Mola to keep a luncheon date with my friends the Musumeci. But lounging on the beach after the morning swim Curtis asked to be excused. The walk of the previous afternoon had brought a blister to his heel. He displayed the blister.

The Wren officer, lying flat on her tummy and tracing a geometrical design with a forefinger in the sand, offered to accompany me instead. "I'm interested," she knew what this girl Maria had that. "I haven't," she explained. "I assured her that as far as I could see there was nothing. Then the Bight Hospital nurse said she would come too, and Curtis found that the blister was not so painful after all. The party continued to snowball until ten of us had arranged to muster in the hotel lobby after lunch. I sent a room boy with my apologies to the Signore and to say we would call during the afternoon.

We had assembled except for the Wren who seemed to have mislaid the powder she used for her nose when the doctor appeared. He was dressed for walking—twined cap and jacket, knickerbockers, stockings with fish-tailed ribbons in the turn-downs, brogues, and a walking stick. He looked so business-like that we said yes, he was welcome to join us. But when he extended an invitation to the Quiet Girl as she passed through the lobby a moment later the nurse, who was suitably positioned to do so, made a wry grimace. The Quiet Girl was the least offensive epithet coined when it had been found.

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

'Make Adversary Trump Loser

By OSWALD JACOBY

WHEN declarer, at a suit contract, has a certain number of losing tricks and is also faced by the prospect of the defense getting in a ruff against him he should endeavor to fix things so that the ruff, if it does come, will take away one of his losing tricks, not one of his winning tricks.

This principle is clearly covered by today's hand which is also taken from Watson on the play of the hand. South is in a heart game and has one spade loser, one club loser and one trump loser. He is also faced by the prospect of a club ruff since West almost surely has six clubs for his overall. South makes his contract by making sure that when, and if,

NORTH		14
♠ A84		
♥ Q753		
♦ A3		
♣ K43		
WEST		EAST
♠ Q103		♠ J952
♥ A3		♥ 942
♦ Q72		♦ J10986
♣ J10982		♣ 6
SOUTH (D)		
♠ K76		
♥ K75		
♦ K4		
♣ A75		
No one vulnerable		
South	West	North
1♥	2♣	3♥
4♥	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♠ Q		

East does ruff a club it will be a losing club, not a winning one. South just wins the first club in dummy and leads a trump. West is in with the ace and leads a second club. South follows in dummy and now if East ruffs, South simply plays a low club from his own hand and East will have ruffed South's losing club.

Watson's boot does not cover bidding and many pairs would arrive at three no-trump with the North-South cards. In that case, four odd would be a lay-down and there would be no story.

CARD SENSE

Q—The bidding has been:
East South West North
1♠ Pass Pass Double
Pass 2♥ Pass 2NT.
Pass
You, South, hold:
♠ J76 ♣ J765 ♠ A85 ♠ 497
What do you do?
A—Bid three no-trump. Your hand is well suited to no-trump.

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding has been:
East South West North
1♠ Pass Pass Double
Pass 2♥ Pass 2NT.
Pass
You, South, hold:
♠ J76 ♣ J765 ♠ A85 ♠ 497
What do you do?
Answer Monday

insistent that she should come with me to the Musumeci cottage, so we left the others searching through Blandano's visitors books for the signatures of Goering, Smith, Kesselring, and the rest of the Nazi big shots who later were to figure so prominently in the Nuremberg trials, while we went to check up on Maria. She answered our knock.

The Wren looked her over and gave a condescending nod of approbation, and Maria asked a question with her eyebrows at her father put into words when introductions had been effected. Do you know the man? I said we said we had left him with nine others at the cafe. Musumeci demanded that I should go at once and bring them all to his house. So I went and collected the party, much to the chagrin of Blandano. But Musumeci had an eye to business too.

I had prompted Curtis that all the smoke wanted was tobacco in any form, and he ingratiated himself at once by producing a full tin of Navy tobacco. "You smoke da pipe?" he asked, and with an elaborate bow presented the tin. Musumeci's eyes glinted and he left the room glowing, returning a few moments later carrying four bottles of his home-made wine. I had sampled his vino on previous visits.

Maria set the table on the loggia with blue Murano wine glasses, and we sat there talking and drinking, and admiring the delightful panorama. Below us were the red rooftops of Taormina, and the bowl of the Greek amphitheatre with its still imposing corinthian-capped columns, and beyond the incredible blue of the Mediterranean. Isola Bella was girl with a fringe of white surf. To the left vine-clad hills climbed higher and higher until they merged with cloud-capped Mount Etna's majestic bulk. Una bella vista!

Presently the cadet enquired whether I had a bruise. Maria's mother wished to know the reason for the laughter that greeted the question, and while I tried to explain the cadet named the bleat of the goat and butted me. It was then that the Quiet Girl took over my ineffectual role. There was little doubt that she spoke Italian like a native, and she said her busy, and for the rest of the afternoon she was seldom silent for more than a moment. But I noticed that there was also an irrepressible desire to talk. There could be only one explanation—the vino!

The sun had dropped behind the hills when at last we made our way back through the village and picked up the mule-track again. I was alone and in the lead when the Quiet Girl joined me. But she was no longer silent, and soon I was feeling embarrassed by her hysterical babbling. It had been a wonderful afternoon, one that she would remember all her

days. The doctor was right—she had kept too much to herself. Maria was a beautiful girl. How did I first meet her? I explained that, after the allied landings a year previous Musumeci had used his daughter as bait to fish for the tobacco that was unobtainable except at fantastic black market prices, and I had been one of the many who had been hooked. "But how frightfully romantic!" Her voice went climbing the scale, ending on a high-pitched falsetto. There was no doubt about it—she had had far too many glasses of Musumeci's vino.

She continued her prattle with exaggerated intonation. Lights began to twinkle in the town below. A big yellow moon peeped over the horizon and made a shimmering path on the sea. "Isn't it beautiful?" She exclaimed in ecstasy, and repeated "beautiful... beautiful" as though having broken her silence she intended never to be silent again. Only another ten minutes, young lady—I thought, and I'll be happily rid of your company.

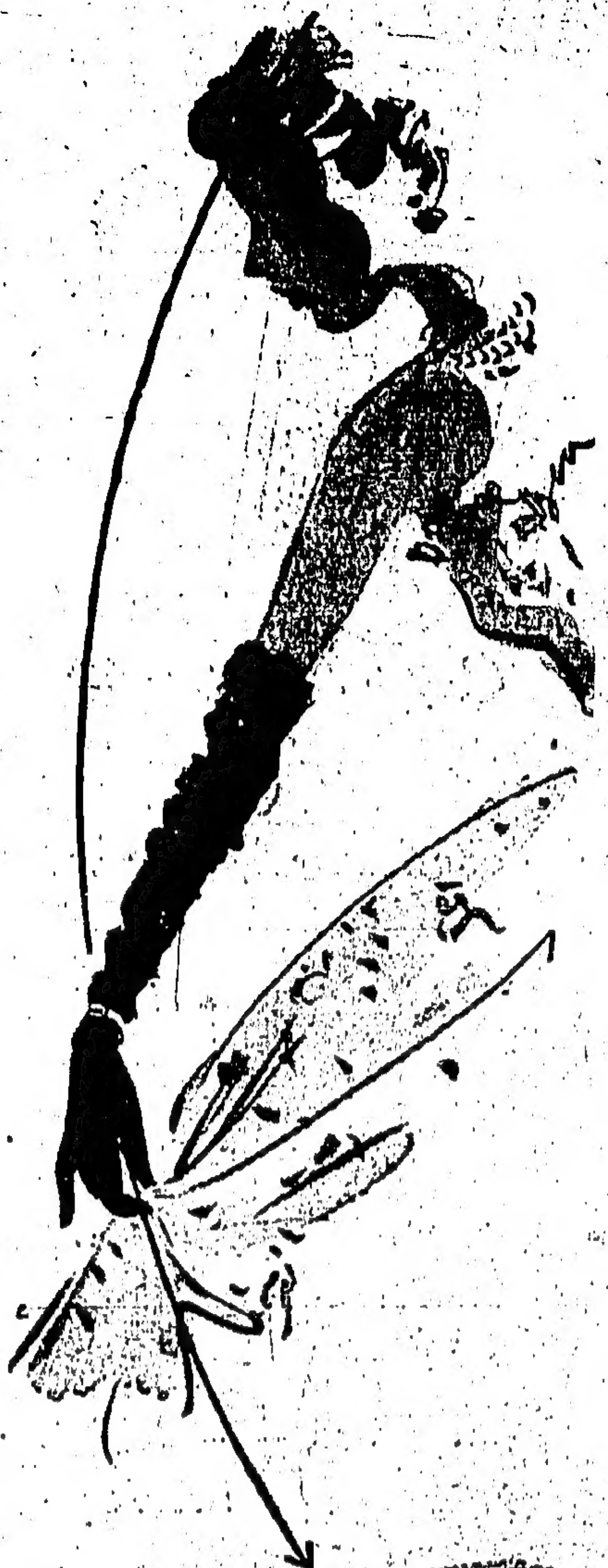
Suddenly she asked: "Have you ever heard evening song in the Cathedral?" I gave a negative reply and waited for the worst. She begged: "It's getting late," I objected, "we have barely time to change for dinner!" She laid her hand on my arm. "You must, please. It's been such a wonderful day that I feel I must conclude it in a church!"

There was no help for it. I called back to the others that we would see them later, and we made our way to the ancient cathedral. The door was open. The white-robed girl choristers, chanting in Latin, outnumbered the congregation. One or two heads turned as we walked a little way down the aisle, and as I knelt I felt a little ashamed. To intrude into this sacred place with a tipsy, hysterical girl was sacrilege.

The Quiet Girl covered her face with her hands and began a muttered prayer. And then she began to sob, big, body-shaking sobs that at first she tried hard to smother. But soon her pent-up grief took control and for a while she sobbed without restraint. Heads turned again in our direction, and for a moment the choir faltered.

Suddenly the sobbing ceased, and the girl indicated that she was ready to leave. We tiptoed out of the church and walked down the street in silence. She dabbed her tear-wet cheeks with a stupid little square of linen, and I offered her my handkerchief. It was rejected with a twisted smile. Presently she said in a low, level voice from which all the hysteria had gone: "I owe you an apology... and an explanation. I've been thinking all the afternoon what a lovely place this would have been for a honeymoon." There was a pause. "His plane crashed ten days ago."

I met many of the party again after our leave ended. Years later I met the nurse in Kowloon, when she was stationed at the Peak Naval Hospital. "I never saw the Quiet Girl again. Oh, yes— it's a true story."



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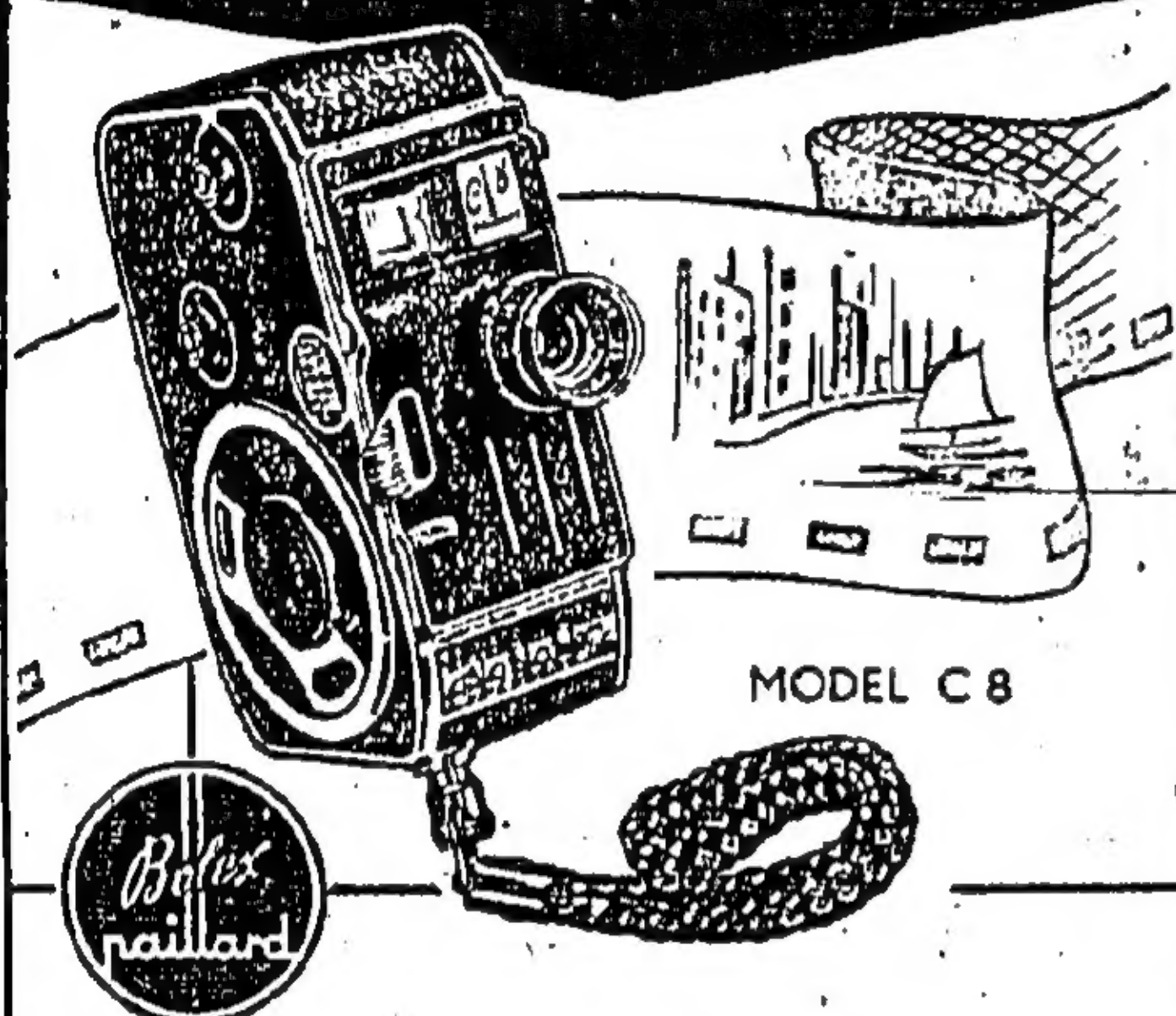
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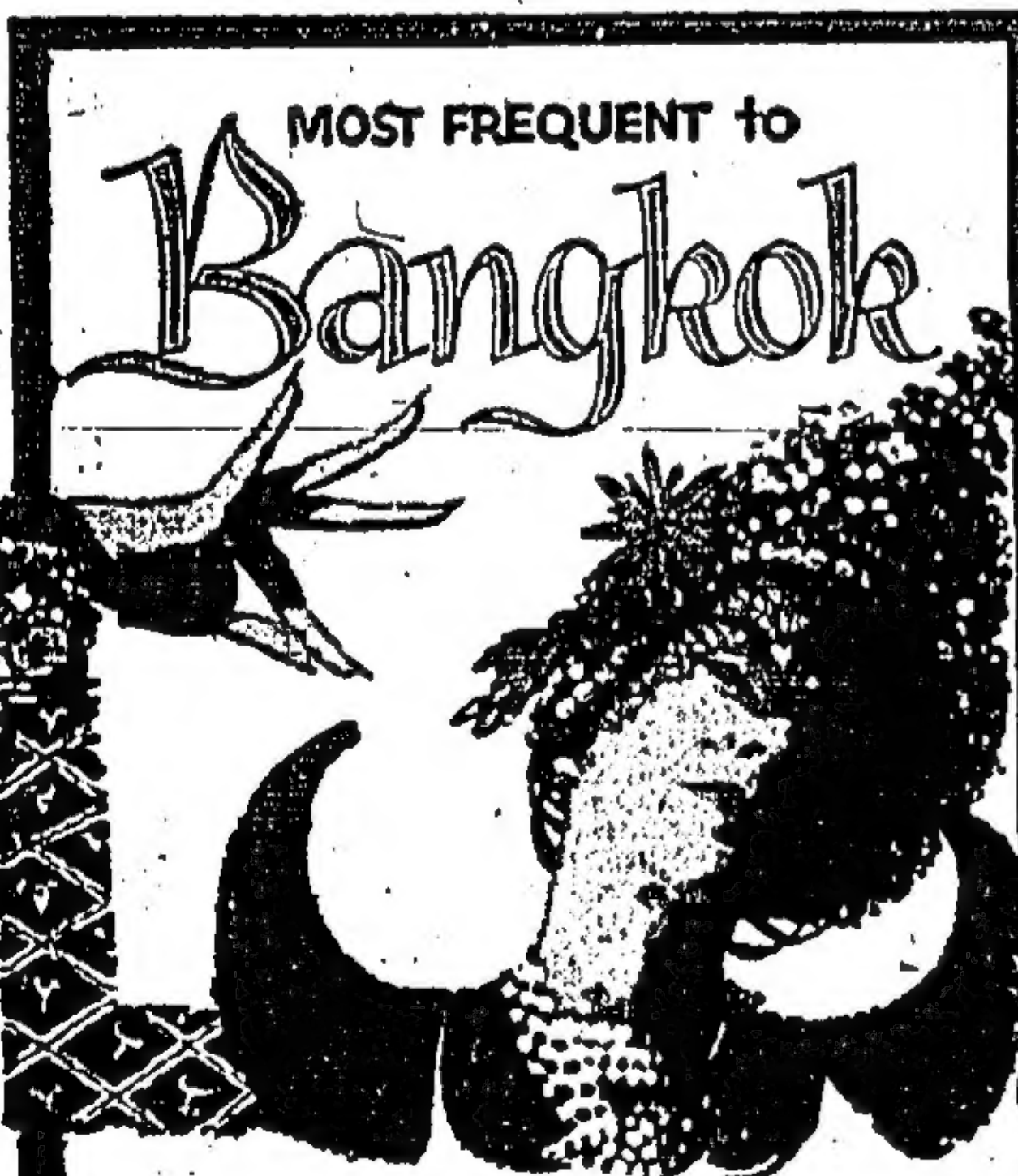
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PAN AMERICAN



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CASPIAN

Hated By His Own Countrymen, He Was The... Bravest Spy Of All

THERE are two good reasons why I give his name simply as "Andre." One of them will become evident in the telling of his story. The other is that it is not the practice of the British—or the French—intelligence services to disclose the names of their former agents, unless they choose to do so themselves. And Andre does not.

Born in the Camargue, that wild, stony country of sheep and magnificent horses in the delta of the Rhone, Andre started off as a shepherd working with his father. Every year he went on the long pilgrimage of the flocks from the dried-up fields of the Camargue to the rich pastures of the Alpes Maritimes. Then one day his friends were surprised to hear that Andre had gone off to join the Garde Mobile—the tough, mobile, para-military force which exists in France to deal with riots and other civil disturbances. Its men are hand-picked.

Andre, with his magnificent physique and obvious intelligence, was just the type the Garde wanted. He was posted to Marseilles, where he quickly showed his aptitude for detective work. Posted to plain-clothes duty he was spotted by the Deuxieme Bureau, France's counter-spy service. After trailing Andre was taken into that

very select body. His job was to catch spies. He never imagined he would become one himself.

"Do You Know This Man?" I met Andre first when he was sent to Cherbourg to check up on me while I was probing the mysterious burning of the French luxury liner "Atlanti-

que". A close and lasting friendship was born that night, but when war came I lost touch with him.

Then one day in the Autumn of 1940 I was ordered to report to a very secret office on the north side of London's Hyde Park. There, I was shown a photograph and a full description of Andre.

"Do you know this man?" came the question. "Yes—well," I replied, "but I've seen or heard nothing of him since July 1939."

"Do you know him well enough to vouch for his absolute integrity?" The third man in the room added: "He gave your name as a reference for his reliability."

By

LT.-COL. JOHN BAKER WHITE

"I've reason to think he is an honest, reliable man," I replied, "beyond that I cannot go."

They glanced at one another, and then let me into the secret of Andre.

Rest Of Story

"He holds a senior position in the security service of the Vichy Government, responsible for the personal safety of Marshal Petain and Laval. He is in close liaison with the German security authorities, the Gestapo and Field Security Police. And he has offered, through an absolutely reliable contact, to become a British agent."

It was not until the war was over that I heard the rest of Andre's story.

When the hated "Milice" was formed, the force of renegade Frenchmen which fought the Resistance with a loathsomeness equal to that of the S.S., Andre became a senior officer in it. Automatically, he became a target for the Resistance—the very worst kind of collaborator to be destroyed like vermin. But the Resistance leaders could not be told the truth about Andre, for fear of



what they might reveal if captured and tortured. No Friends: Only Enemies. He was right on the inside, but completely and absolutely alone. He could talk to no one, not even the contact through which he passed out vital information. He had not one friend, only many enemies.

It was to the effect that the German Commander-in-Chief, von Rundstedt, would be travelling from Avignon in the South of France to Paris in a special train, made up of a restaurant and staff car, sleeper, and an anti-aircraft wagon, preceded by a pilot engine. Andre's report gave the date of

but his iron nerve did not break. His reports continued to come out.

Then came the collapse of the German forces in the south, and the Liberation. Andre knew that, as a senior officer of the "Milice", he would be a priority target for the vengeance of the Resistance. He changed into civilian clothes and tried to get in touch with the advancing British forces. But at Clermont-Ferrand he was recognised by a Resistance man.

Kicked, Spot Upon

Kicked, beaten and spit upon by a furious crowd, he was dragged, his clothes torn off him, his knee-cap damaged for life, to the local Resistance headquarters. He asked to be allowed to see a British intelligence officer. His request was refused. He was certain that he would be executed in a matter of hours.

It was only the youthful enthusiasm of the local Resistance commander that saved him. When an American patrol arrived, the commander begged to them of his special captivity. By pure luck there was an intelligence officer with them, who insisted that he should be allowed to interrogate the prisoner. That interrogation saved Andre's life.

But Andre's troubles were not over with the end of the war, although he was awarded British and American decorations, as well as the Croix de Guerre.

Twice in the past ten years attempts have been made by former Resistance fighters to kill him.

That is why I have not given the name of the man who I believe was, in one way, the most gallant of all secret agents. (Central Press).

PARADE

GASTRONOMIC BANGS: Windows were shattered and a solid concrete wall jolted out of alignment when fumes from a mixture for one million stomach pills exploded in a drying oven at a Cape Town factory.

EXHIBIT A: The Crown's key exhibit in a moonshining charge being heard in Halifax Nova Scotia, exploded on the court clerk's desk.

A second bottle of home brew was used to convict Henry Dauphine. He was fined £25.

BOTH SIDES OF THE LAW: Glauco Azzatini, 35, who had just finished serving a goal term of three and a half years in Rome was married on the day of his release—to a woman, prison guard.

Ex-convict Azzatini—he stole £2,500 from a North Italian lawyer—will have as father-in-law a retired prison warden and as mother-in-law the prison matron.

He met his bride, Jole Capelluti, while working in the prison hospital as a manic nurse.

MOUSE SAVED HER LIFE: Two-year-old Merilyn Wilkinson owes her life to a mouse. She was in her bedroom in Nairobi when she found a deadly puff adder, one of the most poisonous of all snakes, slithering across the floor.

Merilyn picked it up. The snake struck viciously at her mouth. Her mother heard her scream.

She rushed into the bedroom to find Merilyn holding the puff adder by the tail.

Merilyn was raced to Nairobi hospital for a serum injection. The snake, killed by an African servant, was taken to the museum. Inside it was found a newly-killed mouse.

That mouse saved Merilyn's life. It had taken the full force of the snake's venom, and when the reptile struck at Merilyn a few minutes later its fangs were virtually empty.

UNGOODLY, THEY SAY: Fifteen thousands bearded men moved slowly through the streets of Jerusalem this week in protest against a proposal for mixed bathing in the Holy City.

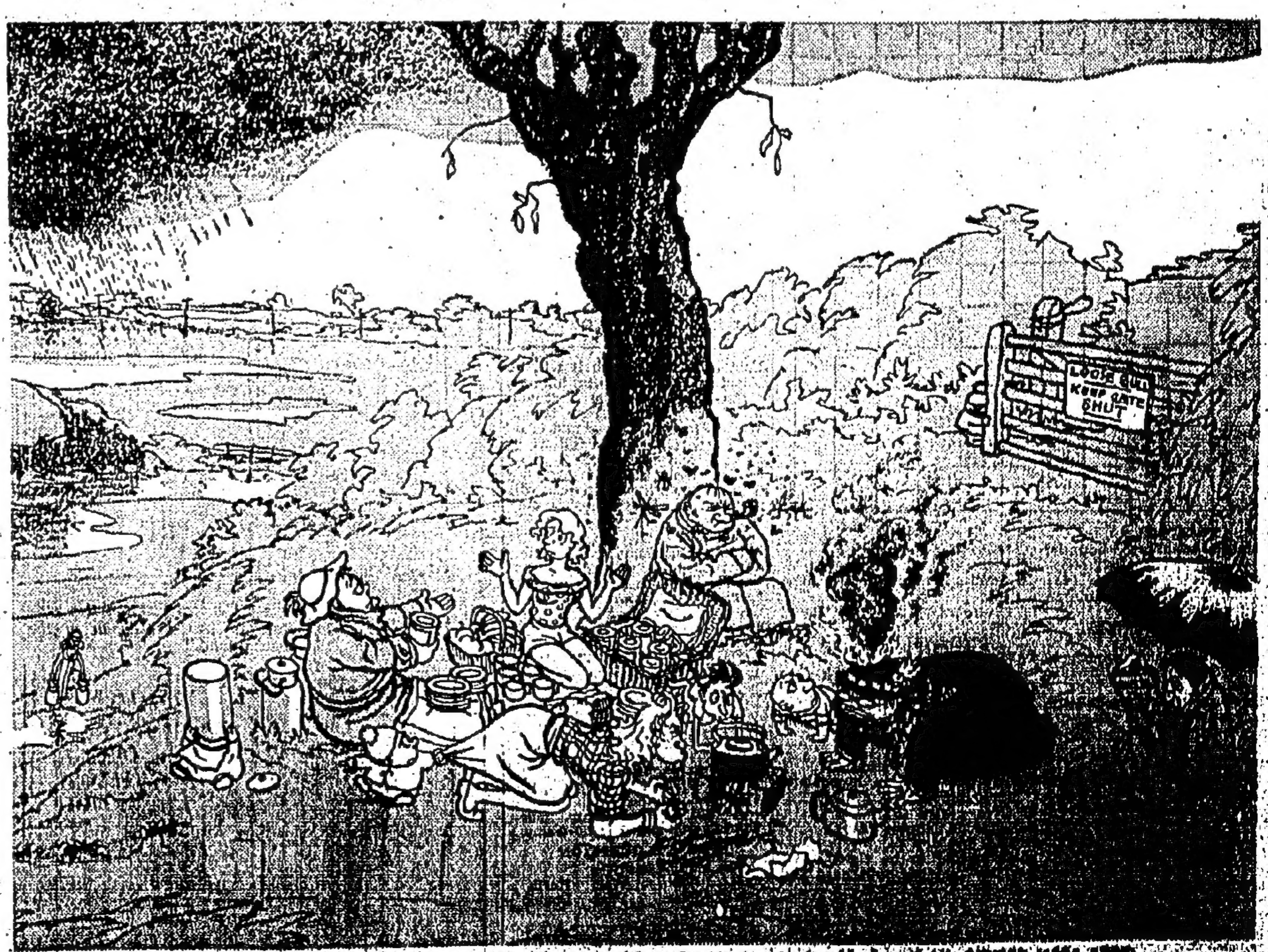
Twice the parade halted and rums horns were raised to the sky and blown 13 times to emphasise the ungodliness of it all.

Jerusalem's first open swimming-pool for mixed bathing is due to be opened soon. The demonstrators were members of the extreme orthodox group, Agudat Israel.

Pavement crowds tried to tense the marchers into a bad temper but the stream of black hats and black beads flowed on smoothly. Police vans and water hoses held at the ready were not needed.

But the question of whether Jerusalem will get its mixed bathing remains open.

BIRD IN THE HAND: 22-year-old Bachelor F. F. Laksh-



"How blessed is he who leads a country life, untroubled with anxious cares, and free of worry!"—SHYRON (1651-1700).

Patricia Lewis

THE GIRL WHO MEETS THE PEOPLE—AND SEES
THE SIDE WHICH THE OTHERS SO OFTEN MISS

Round-the-Clock Riviera... 4am to 4am!

"CANNES," say the French, "is a country on its own." It has festivals and fishing; two casinos and a castle. It has yachts in the port and sports on the plage. It has bowling on the waterfront and roulette on the Palm Beach. It has high life and low life, and it all goes on for 24 hours a day. As follows:—

It is 4 p.m. in Cannes and this is the rush hour. The traffic is two-way: people leaving home to go to work, people going home to go to bed.

Down at the harbour, the fishing fleet is back with the night's catch. Up at the casino the gamblers are leaving with a catch of a different sort—or maybe this time they were caught themselves.

As they troop off for a sun-up nightcap on the quayside they pass restaurateurs en route to market and fishermen landing the ingredients of tonight's bouillabaisse.

"How was the fishing?" they ask. Marquis, the boatman, will shrug and draw on his black cigarette.

Beach boss

"Pas mal, a few lemons, some gardenias and mackerel. But there was too much wind for anything really good."

All the same, the 100 small boats that go out of Cannes each dusk brought in £4,000-worth of fish this month—20,000lb. of slippery silver merchandise you next see costing £1 a time on the sea food speciality menu.

It is 6 a.m. in Cannes and the beach boys are rebelling. The pans in front of the luxury hotels. When it is smooth and clean as face powder they set out the chairs and sunbathers in neat straight lines like seats for a concert—15s. a day for the front row, 10s. 6d. a day for the back row.

On the Carlton beach Henri Saffat is directing his staff of five as they load the cabins and chairs reserved for the hotel's guests.

Henri has been doing this every summer morning for 20 years—and he still finds the English baffling.

Harbour master

"In winter I like to visit London," he says. "I stay with Val Parnell, and Tommy Trinder takes me to his. If I don't go, I see many people who stop me on the back in Cannes, in England they are very different to me."

I asked Henri why his clientele is exclusively English-speaking and his nutshell face cracks into a grin. "The French don't like to pay those prices," he says and goes off to shift Bella Darvi's mattress to face the sun.

It is 8 a.m. in Cannes and the harbour master, M. Jean-Noel Yven, is in his office above the port. He checks the yacht moorings on a wall chart facing his desk.

"We have 700 big yachts here now," he says. "But it will be busier in August." The British? They are still the keenest yachtsmen in the world of the boats in Cannes are English-owned. Lady Docker's Shenana? "I expect it will be back one day."

Sunburned

It is 10 a.m. in Cannes and a sun-burned 24-year-old blonde is tramping the beaches selling American newspapers. The tourists think she is French, but her name is Linda Robbins and she comes from Hammersmith. "I got fed up with dress-making," she tells me, "so I went to Paris and got a job selling papers. I lived there for 10 months, then went to Brussels for the fair. I didn't like it there so I came down here for the season."

"It's a scream, isn't it? All that phoney smart set with their empty conversation! Give me the sailors down at the Bar Nautique every time."

Linda proves it is possible to live cheaply on the Riviera. She earns around £10 a week and the rent for her tiny room near the harbour takes half of that.

To exist she cooks her own meals on a tiny spirit stove ("It fries and boils beautifully") and makes her own clothes ("I never travel without my sewing machine"). But she loves being her own boss and having the freedom to travel anywhere. Next stop?

"Rome—then maybe America," English "million" with his she says. "And anywhere else I can sell papers."

It is 12 noon in Cannes and the speedboats are roaring away from the jetty with water-skiers riding high in their wakes.

Down on the Martinez beach fair-headed muscle-man Rene Schoebel is teaching a beginner how to stay upright when the boat takes off at 40 miles an hour.

"My best pupils are women," he says. "Men think they must use force to water-ski, but women have no muscles so they just let the boat pull them—and that is the right way. Many people are scared because they go so far away from the shore, but there is no danger—I am a lifeguard too."

With about 25 people a day paying £1 a lesson, Mr Schoebel has acquired a small hotel over a garage in town and a large villa on the hills out of town.

He is a local success story due, he says, to his reputation for getting you skiing a mile in the first lesson—"Even if I have to haul you along myself."

Buffet maker

It is 2 p.m. in Cannes and except for Mrs Schoebel, who has to keep his stomach empty while he is saving the main thought is food.

At Le Vellier, on the beach, the well-oiled butlers got more oiled on vin rose and the dazzling cold buffet concocted by Madame Jeanne Martin.

The whole counter is laden down with artichokes, asparagus, lobsters, meat, fish, fruit, and cheeses. But in all the hundreds of lunches served, Madame Martin provides not a morsel hot. She did once, but the customers on the Carlton beach next door complained about the cooking smells.

For a hot luncheon the rendezvous is Chez Felix over the narrow Cadillac-crawling Croisette.

In 38 years the proprietor, Mr. Calet, has seen the whole pattern of spending change on the Cote d'Azur.

"A few years ago when I ran the Blue Bar I made a fortune on drinks," he says. "But the bar business has gone down very much the past five years—the days of one money are over. So when I opened this place I decided to concentrate on food. The French will always find the francs for a good meal."

Portrait

And if they can't buy it they will take it. The other night a thief broke into Felix's and was so besotted with a trayful of strawberry tarts he was still eating when the cleaners arrived next morning.

"Poor boy, he is in prison now," smiles Felix sadly. "I shall send him some more strawberry tarts with fresh cream." And, beaming, he rushes forward to find a table for Jack Hilton and Italian star Rosalinda Neri.

It is 4 p.m. in Cannes, and an Algerian selling sugar candles is calling "Cha, cha, cha" along the pavement cafes where the tea ritual is in full swing.

In his cool green-and-white studio Joe Stara, one of France's most famous photographers, prepares to take his sittings. "But these days my best customers are the newly-rich business people from the Middle East—the royals are nearly all finished and so it seems, is the and the Whiskey a Gogo night-

Over there is ex-King Farouk, here is shy ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia and, most prominently, ex-Queen Soraya of Persia. "She is the most photogenic woman I have ever seen."

There is something about her bone structure that is especially revealed by subtle lighting. "But these days my best customers are the newly-rich business people from the Middle East—the royals are nearly all finished and so it seems, is the and the Whiskey a Gogo night-

club is jumping with girls looking like Brigitte Bardot and men dressed like James Dean.

Between sips of Scotch they live wildly to the Charleston or press close together.

In a little box above the floor an assistant watches the mood and changes the records accordingly—not too many slow numbers, though, or the customers will get too dreamy to drink.

It is 4 a.m. in Cannes and the waiters at the "Gogo" are pointedly sneaking the chairs.

The sky is whitening and the palm trees are taking on some colour against the grey wash of the Mediterranean.

The casino is closed and the croupiers are joining the night-clubbers in the trek towards bed.

Down at the harbour the fishing boats come in and across the market haggling begins over the price of melons.

For some it is ending; for some it is beginning—another day in the life of Cannes.

Bartender

"In summer, you see, it is too hot to play during the day. We even tried floodlighting the courts at night but it didn't work—people would rather go dancing or gambling and I can't say I blame them."

It is 8 p.m. in Cannes and the Carlton terrace is crowded with bare-shouldered women and crew-cut men drinking their aperitifs.

Walking behind the tables in white flannels and a blue blazer is the bar manager, Jules Moschietto. He, too, sighs for his pre-war clientele. "It was the Duke of Windsor who made this bar so popular—that was back in 1935 when the Duchesse was still Mrs Simpson. We had no beach bar then but we did five times more business than we do now with two."

"Since the war 1947 has been our most prosperous year—the past ten years we have taken less money each season."

But Mr Moschietto still finds plenty to do serving around 3,000 drinks a day—mostly vodka, champagne, and fresh raspberry juice.

Mime

It is 10 p.m. in Cannes and the restaurants are stuffed with diners stuffing. Most popular spot is up a steep, narrow street in the old town above the port—Da Boutina's.

Here the walls are covered with lipsticked signatures and the ceiling is hung with herbs and garlics.

There is no menu. Instead, Mr Jean Boutina mimes the dishes—swimming round the table for fish, fluttering over it for pigeon—and writes the order in strange symbols on a corner of the tablecloth.

It is small and hot and noisy. There is music—a guitar and accordion pounding out the two most frequent requests: an Italian song, "Nel blu dipinto di blu" and "Colonel Bogey"—and there is always someone, from Martine Carol to Donald Campbell, to look at.

Croupier

It is 12 midnight in Cannes and the Palm Beach casino is raking in the chips from roulette and chemin de fer.

The secretary-general, young dark Pierre Esperandieu, is supervising his 500 staff—one to every two customers.

"Yes, the Americans are the biggest gamblers today," he tells me. "But we don't have many huge wins any more—except perhaps when movie millionaires like Darryl Zanuck are here."

Standing in the crowd of dinner jackets is good-looking, stocky Gaston Bellini who has been calling "Rien ne va plus" over the tables for 12 years.

For the five months of summer he is "lucky" to get four hours' sleep a night as the gamblers start playing at three in the afternoon.

How does he stand the pace? "I have just enough stamina to keep it up till October," he says, "and when you live by tourism you have no choice."

It is 3 a.m. in Cannes and the Whiskey a Gogo night-

Track Is Not Fast Enough For The New 121-m.p.h. M.G.



The new M.G. ... a million-dollar car.

By ROBERT WALLING

TRACK-TESTED at 100 m.p.h., the new "million-dollar" M.G. sports model, announced today by the Nuffield Organisation, and found the track was not fast enough for the 121 m.p.h. top-speed available.

'In a vice'

The track was the two-mile, high-speed circuit of the Ministry of Supply's fighting vehicle research unit at Chertsey. It was built to test vehicle durability at high speed, not as a race circuit.

Even so one of the many curves was taken at well over 80 mph with no tendency to slide.

The model looks no different from the ordinary, plucky MGA two-door, except for its silver disc wheels which were developed on race tracks.

A twin-overhead camshaft engine of 1080 c.c. has the high compression of almost ten to one, which punches the speed from a standstill to 110 m.p.h. in 38 seconds.

The speedometer needle leaped to 82 in second gear and 88 in third.

Disc brakes caught the model in a vice when I used the brake pedal at 90 m.p.h.

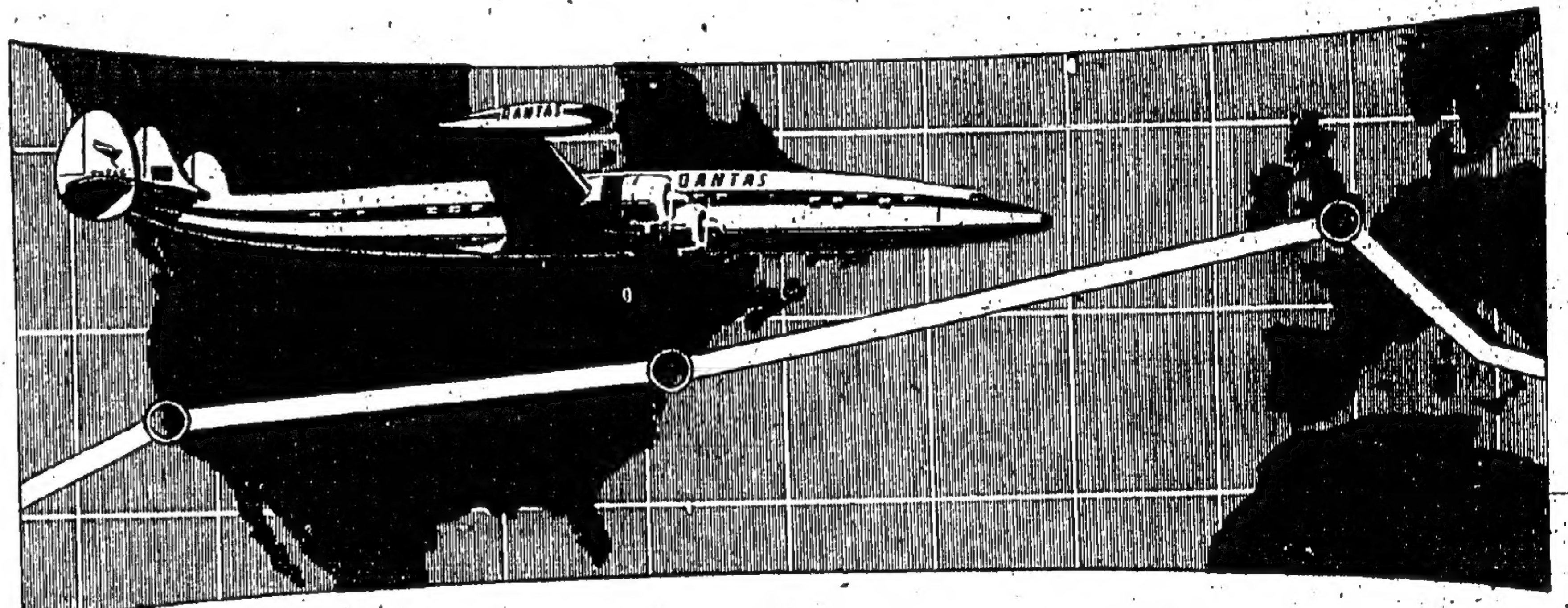
The open-model costs £1265 and the coupe £1257, purchase tax paid.

(London Express Service).



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Girl falls in love with a vintage car

It's going to be a case of long-lasting chemistry...and I know how it happens

by BASIL CARDEW

TAKE a look at this pretty girl and the "Bullnose" Morris. It is the sign of every well-bred vintage car and this attractive girl is the sort of passenger who most likes to be seen in it. For pretty women go for the "old crocks" (an unrecognised name) for three good reasons:—

- 1 The graceful and nostalgic lines of the vintage piece attract attention.
- 2 They make a provoking contrast between the old and traditional (car) and the gay and modern (fair lady).
- 3 Perhaps most important of all you rarely find a "cabbage" driver at a vintage wheel — a cabbage being a starchy, sourpuss driver.

Fanatics

Many women react to the men you see fussing over, polishing the brass of the vintage cars, for they are the rakish, sporting type, mostly in tweeds and cap, who seek fun and a hobby in emblems of the good old days. (They will also, of course, usually have a modern car in the garage as a concession to progress).

Whatever the reason, they become enthusiasts more fanatical than an Indian priest. They are the sort of men we saw in the cars in "Genevieve" (although these were veteran cars, not vintage).

You may remember the pretty women in that film were ad-

mirably projected, even planned, by being made to sit among the bushes and all that, the fuel-drip taps, the lullaby hooker, and all that. The most popular car for this form of showing off, by women, is the "Bullnose" Morris.

Here is a grand old car indeed. Soon it will become a legend. But at least 400 of them are still taxed and in running order today, and more are coming on to the road every month, after being found in the garage and reconditioned.

How did the "Bullnose" Morris begin? It started as a 10 h.p. Oxford in 1912. After the First World War it became a 14 h.p. car and by that time there was a 12 h.p. Cowley.

At the London Motor Show in 1912 William Richard Morris, now Lord Nuffield, met Gordon Stewart who had a motor showroom in Woodstock Street, off Bond Street.

Mr Stewart (later of Stewart and Arden) agreed to sell young Morris's few hundred cars.

More and more "Bullnose" Morris cars were built as their good name became established. They thrived so well that 168,000 were built between

1912 and 1920, when a change was made and the cars look on square radiators.

The Oxford, unholstered in leather, was a superior car to the roxine-covered Cowley. The Oxford too was more spacious with fittings of better quality.

Why did this "Bullnose" become so popular? An old-time dealer gave me these reasons:—

- 1 The cost was lower than the cost of a car of equivalent size and quality built by other manufacturers. Sir William Morris (by then) led the field in price cutting.
- 2 The car was outstandingly reliable, designed and built for the owner who wanted to drive from A to B without a breakdown.

Long Life

Their reliability was achieved—and they are still reliable—by the quality of the metal used by the makers. This ensured long life.

Their interest for the pretty woman was there even in 1920. The makers claimed that the "Bullnose" was built so that

the woman owner could do her own maintenance. As long ago as 1925 motoring journals were showing a woman driver in a cloche hat turned under the bonnet adjusting the engine tappets.

Colours

In its heyday the "Bullnose" gave between 25 and 35 miles to the gallon. Speed in top gear for the Cowley was 45 miles an hour, and 50 miles an hour for the Oxford. The wheel-base for both was 8 ft.

To please the sporting driver and his feminine passenger the manufacturers also produced the "Bullnose" as a spazzy (in those days) two-seater with

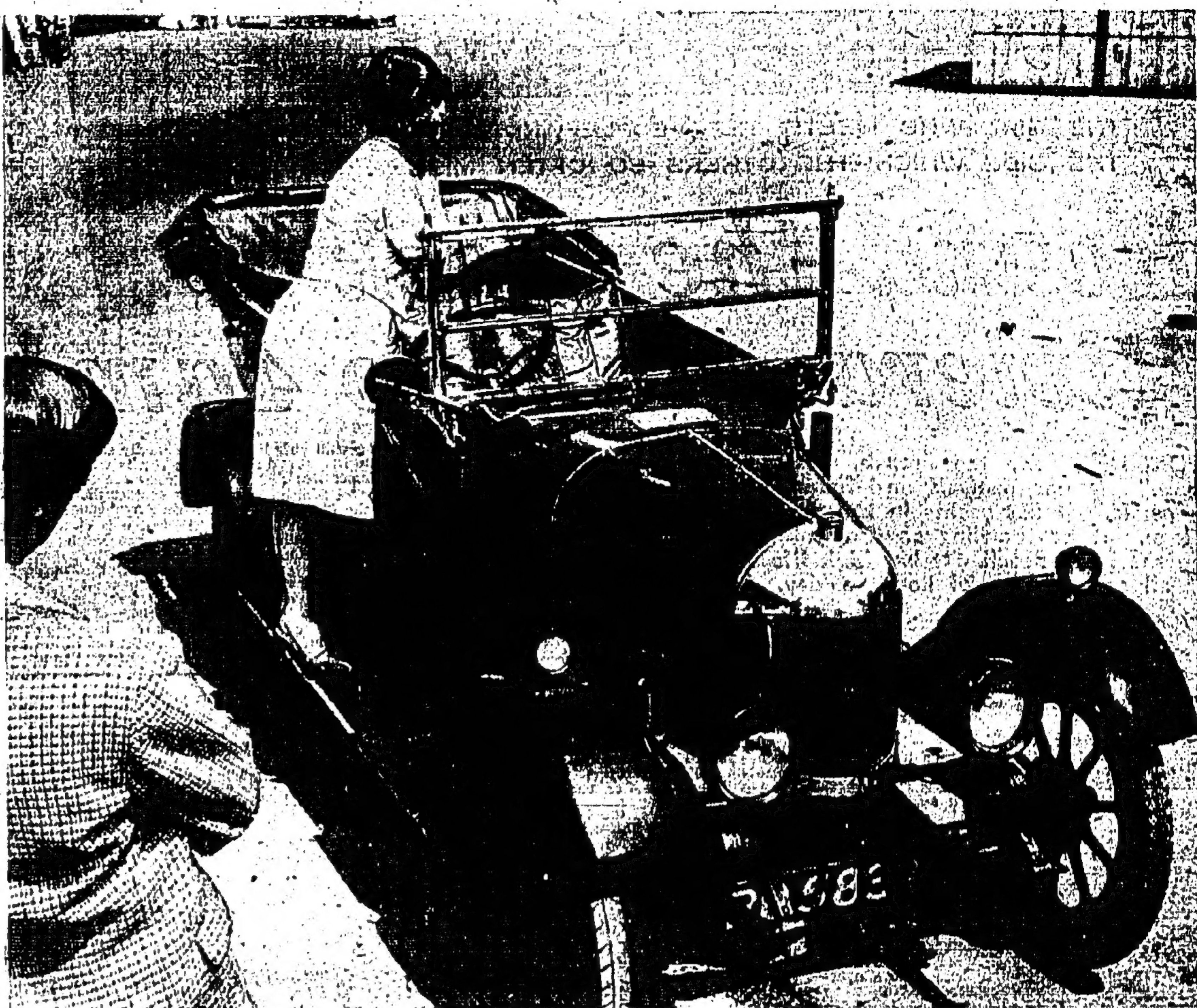
soft hood and two occasional seats behind for a foursome party.

They brought out the "Bullnose" in a number of lively colours.

Experts believe that it was these colours that made them so popular with women.

For overboard went Henry Ford's all-black T-model colour scheme, and in came the beige and black and red—exciting colours to please the fairer sex.

Even today "Bullnose" models are being sought by loving enthusiasts and restored to their former glory, not as mere museum pieces, but as good serviceable vehicles for everyday use. Spares are plentiful.



1923 "BULLNOSE" PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN COLE

Why is it 'vintage' or 'veteran'?

Do you know that people who own old cars are quite snobbish about it? That you must never call a veteran car an Edwardian car, or a vintage car a post-vintage thoroughbred?

Every old model (I nearly said old crock) falls into a pre-determined era category. It works this way:—

VETERAN CARS: those built up to the end of 1904.

EDWARDIAN CARS: those built from 1905 to the end of 1915.

VINTAGE CARS: those built from 1916 to the end of 1930.

E.R.A., Maserati, Mercedes, Auto-Union.

NEW CLASSES

Now two new classes have been added. They are:—

POST-VINTAGE THOROUGHBREDS: Cars built from 1931 to the end of 1939, such as the old Frazer-Nash, Landis, Alvis, Aston Martin, Alfa Romeo.

HISTORIC RACING CARS: These are cars built up to the end of 1939. They must be more and more people are becoming racing cars like the old

All these categories are covered by two clubs—the Veteran Car Club whose members own cars built in the period up to 1904, and the Vintage Sports Car Club whose period covers 1905 to 1939.

Mr T. P. Breen, an official of the Vintage Car Club, told me: "We are now the second biggest motoring club in the country with 3,250 members."

"All the time we are growing in numbers, which shows that more and more people are becoming vintage-car minded."

ROUND THE CORNER...

...and the men who are going to take you there...

by JAMES BARTLETT

THE men at the top among the car makers are, canny. They keep themselves and their forward-looking ideas wrapped up like a new model on the eve of a show.

But they can see ahead as clearly today as when they were schoolboys... when a young man, WILLIAM RICHARD MORRIS, was out in front shaping their future careers.

SIR LEONARD LORD is the blunt-speaking, 62-year-old chairman of Britain's mammoth merger which linked the Morris and the Austin empires seven years ago.

Shy Man

A talented production engineer with commercial flair whom Morris recognised back in the 1930s as a successor... and made a managing director. He knows already the kind of car that thousands of motorists will be driving in a few years' time—but there is too much money in that kind of secret for him to give out the clues before their time.

His right-hand man is the tall, shy, retiring, deputy-chairman of the Bullfinch organisation—JAMES REGINALD WOODCOCK, who was looking ahead as a motor-making apprentice just 35 years ago.

These two top men have the experience, the know-how, to probe into the technical mysteries when their chief designer ALEC ISIGONIS (of newest Morris Minor acclaim) puts before them his blueprints for "cars of the future."

They are rulers in an industrial empire where millions of pounds can be lost or won by their decisions. For they have 45,000 workers under them... 450,000 vehicles pouring out from British factories, judged on last year's figures—£100 million pouring back from exports.

They can call on their fellow-directors to help them

SAFETY
Fitted seat belts. Disc brakes.
More glass to improve vision.
Radar warning system.

COMFORT
Air conditioning. Improved seating using more plastics and foam rubber materials.
Anti-glare tinted glass.

PERFORMANCE
Greater engine efficiency.
Cleaner lines to reduce air drag.

POWER
Gas turbine or atomic reactor engines.
Automatic transmission.

LIGHTING
Dual headlights for improved beam and less dazzle.

SUSPENSION
Springs replaced by fluid or air independent on all wheels for greater road holding.

STYLING
Lower and sleeker. Larger doors.
Roomier interiors. Multi-colour schemes.
Less chrome. Plastics and Fibreglass bodies.

Michael Rand sketches the plus ideas that are coming up



Mr Leonard Lord

standard car engine into the "hot-rod" version which enabled Sirling Moss to reach 245 miles an hour last year in a record-breaking run at Utah.

Problems

Then W. E. A. CULLEN, director of Britain's biggest radiator plant, can look with the experience of an expert mechanical engineer into the cooling problems of power units of the future.

SIDNEY YEAT SMITH, director in charge of research and development, can see on the drawing boards of his staff almost into the year A.D. 2000. It is not so very far away. That year's model, indeed, is nearer than the first Morris car that rolled out of the Cowley factory in 1912.

These top men have to judge whether the new discoveries, the new inventions in all other fields will fit in with the motor-making ideas they have in mind.

Inspiration can be drawn from the example of their 80-year-old honorary president, Lord Nuffield, who has started as a one-man business... a 16-year-old youth with £4 capital, making his own bicycles in a backyard building of his father's house at Cowley, near Oxford.

From bicycles to motor-cycles... then cars. The vision of the young man who wanted to be his own boss brought a fame and fortune that grew as more than 5,200,000 vehicles linked with his name rolled out to the world.

retion that they can keep that success going for another long time too. If they guess their public rightly, the cars of the future, coming out of their factories will still keep a cheerful outlook for RICHARD CAULFIELD, the hearty, 40-year-old director of car output.

Comfort

The shape of the car to come might be as many experts in the industry have prophesied... slightly lower, to the ground, with more glass in its make-up, more automatic transmission, revolutionary gas-turbine or atomic power units, fluid or air suspension for greater comfort. Nobody, except the men at the top, can be sure until the wrappings come off.

In contrast I make some forecasts...

● MORE and more cars offered without starting handles.

● OTHERS charging extras for starting handles (cost 10s.) and even tool kits (cost 25s.).

● NEW and completely reshaped range from one of the Big Six manufacturers.

● POWER steering adopted on two more famous big cars.

● A NEW model from the factory producing the "car for the doctor" category.

● ADOPTION of air-springing in a new British model. Air-springing, now in extensive use in U.S. cars, automatically balances the car when loaded, prevents the rear half from "sitting" down and the top half from lifting dangerously.

● A FAMOUS 1½-litre British sports car with an entirely new engine including twin overhead camshafts.

● A BRITISH sports car manufacturer producing a new car with only four 2½-litre Grand Prix car for the first time.

● THE swing back to floor-Load gear levers will continue.

● MORE cars with automatic transmission.

● AT LEAST a dozen new cars before the Show.

● FEW new models at the Motor Show (October 22–November 1) in tune with the makers' new policy, which is to bring out cars only when they are ready and not when the Show is ready for them.

● PRICES to go up — not down — because of rising wage-packets for factory workers.

● NEW details of Donald Campbell's 500-mile-an-hour car to break the world speed record.

● MORE use of the emergency "get-you-home" tyre. It is a solid thin disc which fits it to the punctured wheel and it saves you from running on a "flat" tyre.

● THIS will lead to one manufacturer offering his new car with only four tyres, i.e., minus the orthodox spare tyre and wheel.

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

HELENA MADE IT HERSELF

By Cholly Knickerbocker

(Second of a series)

New York's Richest Women



PRINCESS GOURIELLI... uniquely successful.

THE BIG THREE

In next week's instalment of "New York's Richest Women" Cholly Knickerbocker throws the spotlight on a trio who have something in common beside their great wealth. Each regards idleness and frivolity unforgivable sins.

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 26

BORN today, you have one of those generous, outgoing natures that seems to encompass all the world. You enjoy people and understand them, of an better than they do themselves. Since you also have the gift of the writer's word, you are able to portray people in life-like reality. Literature should be your happiest medium of expression. You also have a true feeling for drama, and since your sense of humour is keen, you are able to point a moral or criticize and still make your audience laugh. Fortune as well as fame undoubtedly will be yours, although it may not come to you early in life.

Since you are a perfectionist, you may find that you have a rough road to travel at first. You like nothing better than tackling a problem that everyone says cannot be solved. The worse the difficulty, the happier you are, for once the job is done, the triumph is all the greater.

You are not an easy person to understand, and while you have a magnetic personality that attracts many, you also stir up antagonisms. Those who dislike you, dislike you heartily. This is perhaps natural, for you have strong likes and dislikes yourself and show them at first meeting.

You women have a real talent for homemaking and are able to get a fabulous amount of work accomplished without appearing to do a thing. Next in your appearance, you are always attractively dressed, even when doing the messiest chore. You make a fine wife and mother.

Among those born on this date were: Carl Jung, Swiss psychologist; George Barr McCutcheon and Aldous Huxley, authors; Robert Graves, poet and critic; Emil Jannings, actor; Leo Wiener, Slavist scholar; George Bernard Shaw, dramatist; Andre Charlot, manager-producer, and William Hince Harper, educator and first president of the University of Chicago.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JULY 27

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Learn to be the family peace-maker. If any arguments arise, pour oil on troubled waters. It pays good dividends.
VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—You can be an inspiration to someone today. Settling a good example can bring pleasure and happiness to others.
LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Take a firm stand when it comes to some disturbing influence on the home front and you will win your point.
SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—There is an undercurrent of uncertainty, causing everything to go haywire.
SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—Avoid taking risks if things are likely to happen travelling, especially when driving on crowded roads. Your alertness can avoid an accident.
CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 20)—Don't be drawn into talking business. No decision you make now will be a good one. Postpone actions until later.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Seek spiritual guidance at your morning devotion. You may need help in a troublesome day. Avoid risk-taking!
PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Be careful in projecting any new idea. This is not the day for experimentation. Think clearly before acting.
ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Guard your health and try to relax tensions. You will find great help today in seeking spiritual values.
TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Look before you leap and all will be well with you. Late afternoon could bring personal triumphs you have been wanting.
GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Things are likely to happen today and you want to be in the driver's seat to control the pace of events.
CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Your attitude is that determines the outcome of this day. Optimism begets pleasure. Be a Pollyanna!

SUNDAY, JULY 27

BORN today, you have a free mind and a sharp intellect. But you are too apt to be controlled by your impulsiveness. You jump into things without looking first to see what they are. You have a high temper and show it when things don't go according to plan. You instantly know what you want and expect to get it, no matter who is standing in your way. You must cultivate more patience and self-control if you are to reach the heights to which you so ardently aspire.

The stars have given you many talents, and if you channel your energies toward some definite goal, you are bound to become an outstanding success. However, you have a variety of interests and may find that you are trying to do too many things at one time. Better to concentrate on one thing, finish it, and then go on to something new. If you do this, you may reach one success after another—very possibly in varying lines of work.

Music, art, literature and drama beckon to you. On the other hand, you are fond of and enjoy the exact sciences. Your difficulty is to reconcile your two selves and get both working in the same groove. Once you have conquered this, you are "in."

You have a charming, magnetic personality that draws people into your orbit with little difficulty. You are also fascinating to members of the opposite sex and may have difficulty in settling down to marriage.

Among those born on this date were: Harrison Fisher, artist and illustrator; Archimedes, mathematician and inventor; Vladimir de Pachman, pianist; Hilarie Belloc, author, poet and historian; Bruce Blvin, author and editor; Abraham Henry Hunt, noted criminal defence attorney, and Charles Sidney Hopkins, American marine painter.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JULY 28

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—A fine day for all your exploits, either business or pleasure. If you get good dividends for you in the office will pay good dividends for you in the long run.
VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—An especially busy day. There will be a lot to finish and too little time to accomplish it all but try anyway.
LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Tactical conduct on your part will save the day. Aspects are all right if you work out a minor problem satisfactorily.
SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Good organization and alertness can unravel a minor problem which could have turned into a major one.
SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—A fast-moving day, especially in the business area. A tendency to take a risk should be forestalled.
CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 20)—The prospects are excellent. Take the initiative and lead the procession toward an outstanding success.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Good executive organization at home as well as at the office will pay good dividends for you in the long run.
PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Wind up matters that have been in progress for some time. Not too good a day to start anything new. Wait a while.
ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Your intuition should guide you accurately today in a matter of some importance to your future welfare.
TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—This is another active day for you. A short trip may have an important bearing on your future planning.
GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Use good judgment in making a decision today. The prospects are excellent, provided you act wisely.
CANCER (June 22-July 23)—A busy day if you are back on the job after a vacation. Get everything organized for action.

Digby Morton has a vision—is it you?

"YOU are talking to the most relaxed couturier in the West End," said Mr Digby Morton—ex-Top Ten designer. And he puffed languidly at his cigarette. His latest collection of separates, which he, had just been shown, and the noise was terrific.

Dozens of women milled round us. Walters in slow procession distributed champagne and chicken vol-au-vent like larders to the maddened throng. But Mr Morton just sat back and smiled. "Fabulous, darling," called a grey-haired woman to him over



A HAT I LIKED... See Best dresser.

my shoulder—"the Master touch every time."

"I'm relaxed," said he, "because I have ceased to deal with the rich and spoiled minority."

"I am now designing for hundreds and thousands of women."

"No more fittings—no more fuss."

"No more 'Lady So-and-so wants the front of this model and the back of that!'"

Back they come...

"I CAN'T tell you the agonies the poor customers suffer."

"No wonder the wealthy Englishwoman is the worst dressed in the world. She's got a 'bitty' mind and she will alter the original design."

"In Paris they wouldn't dare to."

"In America they haven't the time to."

"But in Britain—back they come! My husband (it's always the husband) thinks that just the slightest scrap of the lappet would make all the difference."

"Little do they realize that the whole suit has to be ripped apart and put together again by a seamstress at £10 a week plus two assistants at £10 a piece."

"I ask you—how could anyone make that sort of dressmaking pay?"

"I said he must feel like a caged bird let out."

"Indeed," said he, "I am an artist—designer."

"I can design one skirt—that one for example" (Maria Seane whirled past in a blue and green tweed) "and sell 50,000 of them."

No tantrums

HE leaned forward—less relaxed, excited.

"Do you know, I have a vision of my ideal Woman—no faults, no tantrums and perfect taste."

"She's in my mind as I work."

"Then it's over to the factory. Let them handle the production of next season."

"Mr Morton, Mr Morton," called a brunette in a tan sack. "We simply must have you behind the scenes for a moment."

Slowly the Master eased himself out of his chair, gave me a lingering smile and a matching handshake, and departed—at a pace befitting an artist, not a business man.

F.S.—The "togethers," by the way, are excellent and cheap. They will be in London shops in October.

THE dress trade has suffered its worst season for 10 years, and since everybody is telling everybody else why, I would like to add my 10 cents' worth.

I don't like blousy backed "spinnaker" lines and I don't like cheap, shapely necks. But I do like the new, relaxed, chemise shape, and I'm willing to bet that every other woman would—if she could only try.

Why can't she?

Because the buyers who pick the clothes that come into your stores have been playing safe.

They've ordered the same old wadded suits and full-skirted "wallpaper" printed cottons you have all been wearing for the past three years.

And you—the fashion-conscious public—are sick of the sight of them.

Nothing new?

SO it's raining—and there's nothing new. So you don't buy.

I have talked to three buyers in Bond Street who had the nerve—and it took some nerve—to go up on the chemise and trapeze lines.

They have sold the lot. If you don't believe me take a look round the sales.

It is not the newest of new looks that they've "drastically reduced."

I wish it were.

If I could find any copies of this year's Givenchy or Balenciaga in the sales I would buy—cheaply.

No. Don't blame "whims" of the fashion dictators.

They have consistently developed the same lines.

Blame the buyers who didn't have the courage to back them.

Best dresser

I SAW a hat I liked—worn by a "best dresser" Laurie Newton Shupe.

It is a length of stiff, coarse brown velvet worn with a brown velvet "headache band."

She tells me the velvet is so stiff it can be bent to keep its shape perfectly.

I've made a small sketch. Good idea?

—By Veronica Papworth

with the germ of an idea that was to make her a multimillionaire. Instinctively wise in the ways of beauty, young Helena noted that most Australian women had rough, weather-beaten complexions which had never known beauty care.

Helena introduced a few of her Australian friends to a night cream her mother had always used back in Poland and, before long, she was besieged with requests for more of the same.

STARTING out in a small building which was little more than a shack, Helena opened her first salon, paying the staggering sum of 30 shillings a month rent.

The business boomed beyond her fondest hopes and, through careful management, Helena managed to amass a \$100,000 nestegg in her first year. She promptly left for London where, against her friends' advice, she opened the initial "Maison de Beaute" in 1908, renting the Mayfair House of Lord Salisbury, the British Prime Minister, for \$10,000 annually.

Fortune, which Madame Rubinstein defines as a mixture of imagination, hard work and a strong dash of daring, smiled on her again and Mayfair matrons flocked to her ch-ch-new establishment to spend \$1,500 for a series of beauty treatments.

At the end of her first year in London she was topped as the city's best-dressed woman and, coincidentally, was reunited with Horace, Tilus, a handsome American newspaper correspondent she had met in Australia. They were married after a whirlwind courtship.

HELENA, sensing that her financial star was on the rise, expanded her operations to Paris and then, as war loomed in Europe, decided to make American women beauty-conscious. The founding of her first "Maison de Beaute" in the New World at 15 E. 49th st. is still regarded by American women as an event comparable to the voyage of Columbus.

Rubinstein was quick to realize, knew practically nothing about beauty care and was a ready-made market for her beauty

treatments. So, in an era when rouge had not yet been popularized and lipstick was still a moral issue, she put beauty on a bonanza basis.

During World War I Madame Rubinstein, launched the wholesale cosmetics business which eventually burgeoned into the Rubinstein Empire we know today.

Shrewdly perceptive of business trends, she unloaded her business for a \$7,500,000 bundle just before the crash in '29, then bought it back within a year for a mere \$1,000,000 following The Big Bust.

OPERATING her business most single-handedly, she rose like a financial spunk during the 30's, 40's and early 50's until she reached a plateau where her personal worth is estimated at one hundred Very Big Ones. Not bad for a little girl from Krakow.

Half of her vast fortune, it is believed, is represented in income from her half-century of selling beauty to the women of the world, while the other half came from astute investments she has made through the years.

Her long marriage to Tilus was dissolved in 1930 and, the following year, she became Princess Gourielli, wife of a Georgian Prince Arthur Gourielli, who founded and managed the men's toiletries business which bears his name until his death two years ago.

It is amazing that Madame Rubinstein managed to raise two sons—Roy and Horace Tilus Jr.—despite the pressure of an ever-expanding business empire which now grides the globe.

An incident which illustrates this diminutive dynamo's interest in her many and varied investments occurred a few years ago in a Rome hospital, where she lay seriously ill with double pneumonia.

On her first day out of the oxygen tent Madame Rubinstein's secretary arrived at the hospital to find her perusing the financial pages of a New York paper.

"Why haven't they told me my stock has been falling?" she demanded indignantly.

(Continued next week)

Wash colour into your hair



with Helena Rubinstein's GLORIOUSLY GAY Colour-Tone Shampoos

Blonde-Tone Shampoo—retards dandruff action of time. Helps keep hair from looking drab. Lends golden gleam and makes hair look blonder. Recommended for blonde, or light brown hair.

Brunette-Tone Shampoo—gives black or dark brown hair a glorious satin sheen; replaces dull, rusty look with new depth and highlights. Blends in sun-discoloured ends to even, glossy beauty.

Silver-Tone Shampoo—for grey or white hair and for silvery-blond hair. Creates the illusion of shining silver in hair that is grey, drab or lifeless looking. Helps eliminate yellow streaks; adds a bluish white cast that brings out exquisite silver lines.

Silk Sheen Shampoo—for those who do not wish to tint. SILK SHEEN SHAMPOO brings hair new life and lovely silken sheen. Makes it beautifully soft and amenable to styling. Recommended for every hair shade and type and for all members of the family.

Free Consultation: Miss DIANA MA (Beauty Specialist, Helena Rubinstein Institutions, London, Paris)

Salon d'OR

Room 103, Yu To Sang Bldg., Queen's Rd., C. Hong Kong. Telephone: 21417.





ABOVE: Mrs. A. M. Rodrigues and two of her children pose beside the Ford Prefect car she won in a lucky draw organised by the St Vincent de Paul Society on Monday.

★ ★

LEFT: Maurice Wilk, famous violinist, arrived in the Colony on Wednesday to give a recital at Lake Yaw Hall. Meeting him at the airport was Hongkong's empresario Harry Odell (left).

★ ★

BELOW: Senator Al-Haj Ahmad Domocao Alonto being interviewed by the Press at his hotel quarters recently. Senator Alonto was stranded in Beirut for two days when fresh clashes between government troops and rebels broke out in the city in mid-June.



TOP: Mr. S. K. Chan, President of the Heung Kong College presenting a certificate to a graduate during the college's sixth graduation exercise at the Roxy Theatre on Wednesday. MIDDLE: Mrs. Le Wan-chik presents a prize to a youthful student at the speech day of the Queen's College Old Boys' Association's Free Evening Primary School on Monday. BOTTOM: Mrs. J. C. McDouall, wife of the Secretary for Chinese Affairs, presents a certificate to Yu King Tai, during the graduation ceremony of the Tung Wah Hospital Primary Schools on Monday.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: Some 30 girls from the Canossa Home for the Blind were guests at a tea party given by Miss Jane Cator, sister of Dr W. J. Cator, Netherlands Consul-General at his residence on Sunday. Pictured are Dr Cator, one of the nuns in charge of the children, and Miss Cator.



ABOVE: Ferry service between Hongkong, Tsing-I and Tsun Wan was restored for the first time in 16 years when a new ferry pier at Tsun Wan was opened on Thursday by Mr D. K. Holmes, District Commissioner, New Territories. Pictured (l-r) after the opening ceremony are Sir Tsun-nin Chau, Lady Chau, Mrs Holmes and Mr Holmes.

★

RIGHT: Sally Jane, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs William Stevenson, was christened at the Garrison Church, Stanley, on Sunday. The godmother was Mrs N. McGilvray. Sally Jane is pictured in her mother's arms.—Photo by courtesy.



ABOVE: Deborah, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs W. Povey, was christened at St Andrew's Church recently. She is pictured here with her parents and godparents.—Mainland.

See
HONGKONG
AND MACAO
by

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ABOVE: Master Ashok Kima (cutting cake) celebrated his fourth birthday recently with the aid of many friends. He is the grandson of Mr J. Kima, well-known business man and social worker in Hongkong.



By China Mail Photographers

LEFT: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Robert Black, inspects a precision instrument during Tuesday's tour of a resettlement factory in Kowloon. On his left is Mr Norman Broadbridge, Resettlement Officer.



ABOVE: Lady Black laughs at a joke during a cocktail reception on the National Day of Belgium on Monday. Left to right are Count H. de Romero de Vichonot, Belgian Consul-General, His Excellency Sir Robert Black, and Mr H. J. Armstrong.

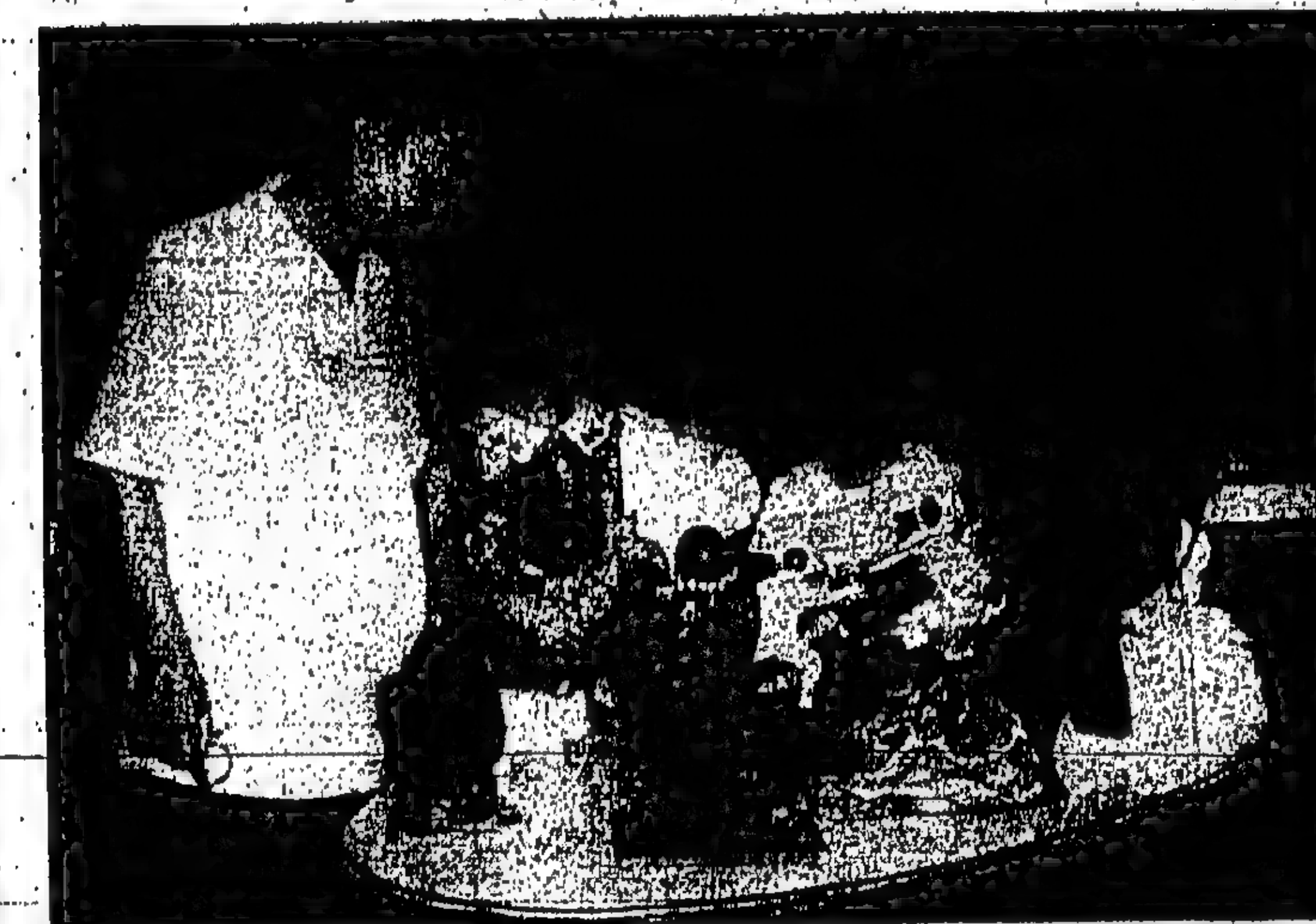


ABOVE LEFT: A big welcome home for beautiful Lin Dai was seen at Kai Tak Airport last Saturday when the Hongkong film star flew back from an extended stay in the United States. She is seen hugging her mother after being passed by Customs.

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Herbert E. Lehnpart-Lelfert after their wedding at the Registry recently. The groom is president of the Hongkong Sunbathing (Nudist) Association.—Silver Star.



TWO new fire stations were formally declared open in the New Territories last week. The Hon. Kwok Chan, who performed the inaugurating ceremony at Tsun Wan (above left) is pictured chatting with a fire-fighter while Chief Fire Officer Mr W. J. Gorman (second from left) and Mr J. Milner, Divisional Officer, Kowloon, look on. Bottom picture shows the Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan with Mr Milner and Mr Gorman after he had declared open the station at Yuen Long.



ABOVE: A display of dolls at the exhibition of work during the Northcote Training College's Open Day last week fascinates children and adults alike. Visitors were also shown models of equipment used in Hongkong schools.

GIVE YOUR HOME A FLOOR THAT'S

Truly luxurious

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VINYL ASBESTOS TILE
RUBBER TILE
CORK TILE &
ASPHALT TILE

★ Choose from 3 basic styles

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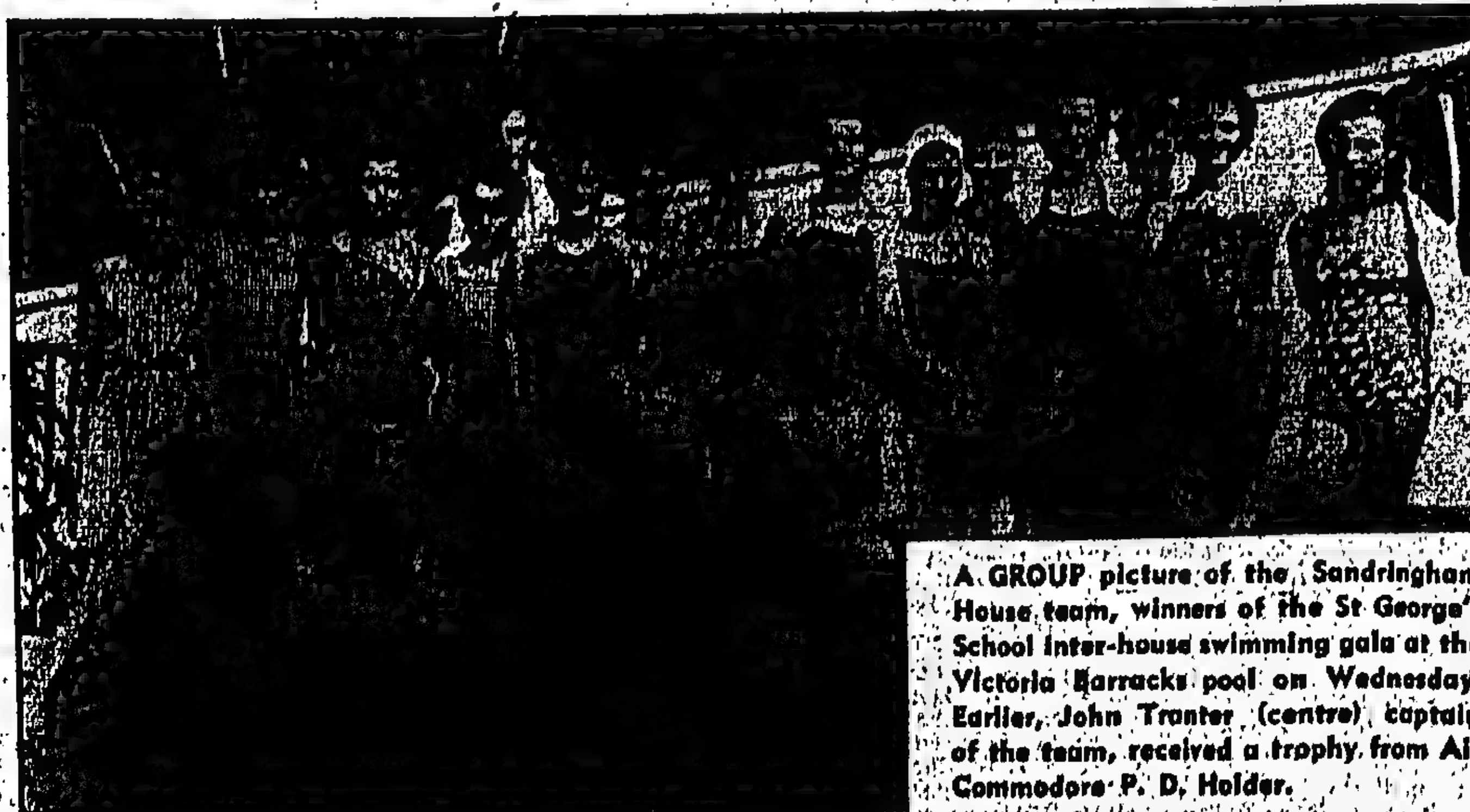
★ Colours can't wear off.

★ Easier to clean.



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ABOVE: A short informal visit was paid by Lady Black last week to the Children's Ward of Laichikok Hospital. She is pictured with Dr the Hon. D. J. M. Mackenzie, Director of Health and Medical Services, listening to one of the young patients making an impromptu speech.



A GROUP picture of the Sandringham House team, winners of the St George's School Inter-house swimming gala at the Victoria Barracks pool on Wednesday. Earlier, John Tranter (centre) captain of the team, received a trophy from Air Commodore P. D. Holder.

The Restaurant in Kowloon



THE GOLDEN PHOENIX

FIRST FLOOR, MANSON HOUSE
74-76 NATHAN ROAD, KOWLOON

FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE 58301
OR, AFTER 7 p.m., 60305

★ ★ ★

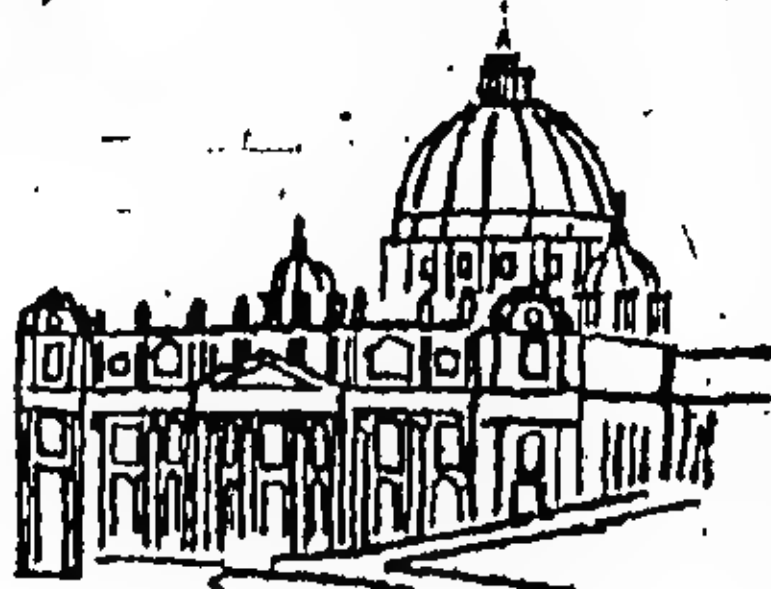
PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ ★ ★

Leisure With Children? ... I Say It's Possible!

JOY IN ROME

JOY MATTHEWS HAS SOME MORE INTERESTING NEWS ABOUT THE "AT HOME" HABITS OF THE ITALIANS



HUSBAND of strawberry blonde Ella Fudge is Prince Pier-Francesca Borghese, who looks like an Italian version of Cary Grant. They live a highly informal existence — for Rome. He wears a shirt and slacks for evening wear at home. She wears a tight-fitting pair of willow-green, shantung slacks with a wild silk shirt in white, striped across with yellow and gold sandals.

Prince Borghese is a hard-working architect. He is planning to convert his old, but very small, castle in Tuscany. "I don't want the inside to be all medieval. I'll just furnish it the way

I'd furnish a flat or a house."

The prince prefers to work for the Government rather than for private people.

"I loathe working for private people. They are so difficult. The sort of person I would not mind working for is the one who comes to me and says, 'I have a wife, four children, three servants, two dogs, and six pigeons. I have 10,000 lire to spend. Build me a house!'"

"But who, does that? Instead, they buy a lot of magazines, flick through them, choose a house by somebody like Lloyd Wright,

"And do they go to Lloyd Wright for the house? Oh, dear no. They go to somebody else with the photograph and say, 'I want something like that.'"

"Would they go to Balmain with a picture of a Dior model and ask for a copy? They would not dare. But with an architect they think they can get away with it."

★ **MUSCLING** their way into cocktail parties: mussels served with delicious sauces hot or cold. The most luscious ones I had were served with a special mayonnaise sauce,

and the host kindly gave me his own special recipe:—

Cook the mussels in a court bouillon with a little dry white wine. You make a court bouillon by adding carrots, onions, a bouquet of herbs, salt and pepper to about two pints of water. Simmer.

When the mussels are cooked, remove their shells, mix the liquid with mayonnaise and add chopped parsley and herbs. I personally like chives and marjoram. But you can use anything you like. Pour over the mussels in the bottom shell and serve.

You just pick up the shell with your fingers and scoop out the mussel.

THE more I look into other people's kitchens, the more I realise that only those who run them can plan their cooking, but it must be planned for some easing-off of the strain.

My candidate for this two-day-a-week cooking experiment knows all about that problem.

Christine Thomas is a young Hampstead mother of three children—Caroline, almost five; Fiona three, and baby Katherine, just one year. That is a handful, if you like.

Christine has to take the two elder girls to nursery school each morning and collect them again round about noon, as so many other mothers must also do.

Here then is how I planned Christine's "Two-Day-Cook" week.

THREE DAYS

Here are the main meal dishes and sweets, prepared on Monday for that day and the following two:

Monday: Braised fillets of work with prunes, peas and minted potatoes; Strawberry Flan.

Tuesday: Haddock, Monte Carlo, potatoes and peas; Pineapple Yvonne.

Wednesday: Beef Burgundy, young carrots, peas and potatoes; Creme Caramel.

At 6/- a pound, these seem a little expensive, but there is

By HELEN BURKE

nothing lost in bone or fat. I enlarged the natural "cracks" in the fillets, without damaging the fillets themselves, and inserted six stoned cured prunes into them.

I pressed the fillets into a well buttered glass oven dish, which was a tight fit for them, added 1½ oz butter and pepper, and salt to taste, and placed the dish (covered) in a fairly hot oven just long enough to start the cooking, then reduced the heat to between 275 and 300 degrees Fahr, or gas mark 1 to 2 and left them for 2 hours.

The fillets make quite a very good stock. Christine thickened this by adding a small teaspoon of arrowroot blended with a little cold water.

HADDOCK MONTE CARLO

This is a luncheon rather than a dinner dish and one which could just as well be made on the day it is required, because it is quickly cooked, but we started it off by poaching a washed smoked haddock in milk and water, half and half beginning from cold. We then removed the skin and bones and placed the fish in a shallow entrée dish. The stock, with a sliced onion, and a clove, was reduced to about half, then poured over the haddock for Christine to finish off in a matter of minutes next day.

Her part was to make a white sauce with the strained stock, adding a tablespoon or so of cream, pour it over the haddock and place it under a gentle grill or in the oven to heat through. Five "heaps" of sliced tomatoes, stewed in a little butter, were arranged on the dish

with a poached egg on top of each.

This is a simple home way of making this very good dish. We did not cook it on the Monday, but prepared it in a marinade "to cook itself," as it were, on Wednesday.

Put ½ pint inexpensive red burgundy, ¼ pint water, two to three sliced carrots, two sliced onions, a bouquet garni and a little pepper into a pan and simmer them for 10 minutes. When cold, pour it over a compact 2½ lb. to 2½ lb. piece of chuck or top side beef in a bowl. Turn the meat from time to time. Next day, place the meat in its marinade, covered, in the refrigerator.

To cook the beef: Drain and dry it. Fry it all over to a deep warm brown in 2oz. butter. Transfer it to a casserole into which it fits tightly. Pour the marinade, including the vegetables, over it. Rinse the frying-pan with a little hot water and add it to the dish. Cover and cook for three hours in a very slow oven (275-300 degrees Fahr or gas mark 1 to 2). Make a roux with a little butter and flour, strain the stock into it and simmer for 10 minutes to cook the flour thoroughly. The meat can be cut into slices with the sauce poured over them, or cut at table as required.

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ing mushrooms; fruit pavlova. In a very slow oven (275 to 300 degrees Fahr) the shoulder of veal was cooked on Thursday to be served cold, with salad, next day. Very thin pancakes (2 per person) were made from a rich Yorkshire pudding batter and stacked on an inverted plate. When cold, they, plates and all, were wrapped in aluminium foil and placed in the refrigerator where they will keep perfectly. For the filling, and crushed pineapple to a creamy sweet white sauce.

NAVARIN OF LAMB

Middle neck chops (1½ lb.) were covered with water. Added were an onion, a tea-spoon of tomato puree, ¼ tea-spoon sugar and pepper and salt to taste. They were simmered until just tender. When cold, placed, covered, in the refrigerator.

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DO YOU WEAR GLASSES?

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

I HATE to harp about the same old subject all the time, but at least once each summer I feel duty bound to pass out a little advice about sunglasses.

There are important "dos" and "don'ts" all of us

should follow so far as sunglasses are concerned.

For one thing, whether you ordinarily wear glasses or not, I suggest you have an eye specialist prescribe

your sunglasses. He can determine the proper colour and density of the lenses according to your individual requirements.

If you customarily wear glasses because of poor eyesight, you should, of course, have the lenses of your sunglasses ground according to your prescription.

HAVE DEFINITE FUNCTION

Sunglasses perform a definite function, a helpful function. They prevent visual discomfort and possible harm during exposure to bright sunshine or outdoor daytime glare. But unless they are adjusted correctly to your own particular requirements, they might be harmful.

For some persons, sunglasses should be bifocals or even trifocals. Such glasses will pro-

vide clear vision at more than one seeing range.

Now, a few "don'ts."

Don't wear sunglasses to watch television and don't wear them while driving at night. I've discussed this before, but I can't over-emphasize this last point.

The Society for the Prevention of Blindness strongly advises against the use of tinted or so-called "night driving" lenses for motorists using the streets and highways after dark.

GLARE A PROBLEM

Certainly the glare from oncoming headlights is a problem in night driving.

But, the Society warns, "No device yet perfected can diminish glare without diminishing visibility at the same time. Although some of these products may soften the headlights of an approaching car, they tend to obscure objects at the side of the road by cutting down our keenness of vision. This can result in needless injury and loss of life."

See?

Not Sleeping Well?

DOES your bed sag? Is the mattress lumpy? Is the pillow too hard?

Any or all of these faults might mean a regular and continuing siege of sleepless nights.

Too often, I'm afraid, you're apt to blame inability to sleep on mental stress or some obscure disease when the real trouble is simply poor sleeping conditions.

Good Night's Rest

The most important thing for a good night's rest is a good bed that has a well-constructed mattress. Check yours. It should be long enough for you to lie in when stretched to your full length. The springs should permit your body to remain generally in a straight line.

Coil springs probably are best since the individual springs can give way most beneath the shoulders and hips. Next best is the link spring. This is made of joined wire links which are fastened to strong springs at the foot and the head of the bed.

Beds with fabric or woven wire springs tend to sag in a hammock-like effect.

Your mattress should be moderately soft. It should not be lumpy or have hollow spots. If it is stuffed with horsehair,

it should be renovated every few years.

Those of you with spine or sciatic ailments might need a firmer mattress and spring arrangement. It's up to your own doctor, of course, to decide what is best for you in such cases.

In inner-spring mattresses, the spring coils form open cells. This gives these mattresses some ventilation which is fine during the summer, but might be a bit chilly during the winter. Placing a blanket between the mattress and the lower sheet will keep you warmer.

Blankets should be warm, yet light in weight. Best type probably are blankets of wool of a loose, fluffy texture. Not only is this type fairly light, it also retains body heat. Electric blankets generally are acceptable.

Fluff The Pillow

Fluff your pillow before going to bed. It should not be too thick, though, since it's best for your head to remain in a straight line with your spine when you lie on your side.

While it might not be practical at this time to change mattresses and bedsprings just because I say so, keep these suggestions in mind the next time you're in the market for these items. And for better sleep it would be well for all of us to have our mattresses checked at regular intervals.

You might be surprised how comfortable you can be.

—By H. N. Bundesen, M.D.



Chilled Soup Good Now As Starter For Meals

"MY husband is used to eating in good restaurants where the food looks glamorous. How can I prepare good dinners in forty-five minutes that look and taste comphy?" inquires our bride of the week.

"This young bride will find the oven her best friend for cooking dinner," observed the Chef.

"The entree and vegetables can be baked in the same oven. Often the dessert can be, too, or even a hot bread when she has learned to work fast."

"All food should be well seasoned."

ASSORTMENT OF SPICES
For this purpose, she will need as a starter an assortment of spices, including allspice, fresh ground black pepper, Tabasco, Worcestershire sauce, powdered garlic and onion powder, fresh parsley, fresh lemon and a few surprise gourmet ingredients such as preserved ginger."

"At this season, a fine chilled soup is a spectacular first

course, Chef," I told him. "Let's give her your newest creation."

Frosty 5-Minute Tomato Buttermilk Soup: In a bowl, beat together ½ a (10½ oz.) can cream of tomato soup, ¼ c. cold buttermilk, ½ tsp. chili powder, ¼ tsp. salt and 1/16 tsp. ground black pepper. Chill. Ladle into small glass bowls. Top with 1 tsp. dairy sour cream and dust this with paprika.

For glamour, present in a large stemmed glass lined with crushed ice.

TOMORROW'S 45-MINUTE OVEN-DINNER

Frosty Tomato Buttermilk Soup
Lamb Chop Bake
Onions
Spiced Sliced Carrots
Souffle Potatoes
Tossed Green Salad (Optional)
Petits Fours (from bakery)

Gingered Peas with Ice Cream
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea
Milk
All measurements are for 2 persons. For 4, double ingredients.

SCHEDULE FOR PREPARING MEAL

Lamb Chops: Preheat oven to 400° F. Dust 3 shoulder lamb chops or 5 rib chops with flour,

seasoned with salt, pepper and a very little garlic salt. If desired, brown quickly on both sides in ½ tsp. margarine.

Place on Teflon-in heat-resistant baking dish.

Carrots: Scrub and slice 6 medium-sized carrots. Dust with salt, pepper and ¼ tsp. ground allspice.

Onions: Peel and slice 1 onion. Dust with salt, pepper and ¼ tsp. ground allspice.

Souffle Potatoes: Place the contents 1 pkg. frozen French souffle potatoes in a baking pan; heat-bake according to pkg. directions.

Tossed Green Salad: Place the contents 1 pkg. frozen French tossed green salad in a baking pan; heat-bake according to pkg. directions.

Petits Fours: Place the contents 1 pkg. frozen French petits fours in a baking pan; heat-bake according to pkg. directions.

Gingered Peas: Place the contents 1 pkg. frozen French gingered peas in a baking pan; heat-bake according to pkg. directions.

Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea: Place the contents 1 pkg. frozen French hot or iced coffee or tea in a baking pan; heat-bake according to pkg. directions.

Milk: Place the contents 1 pkg. frozen French milk in a baking pan; heat-bake according to pkg. directions.

All measurements are for 2 persons. For 4, double ingredients.

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baking dish with the syrup. Sprinkle with 1 tsp. crushed fine-grated lemon rind and 1 tsp. chopped candied or preserved ginger.

Bake 15 min., then chill. Present in wide dessert dishes. Top with butter pecan ice cream.

Present in wide dessert dishes. Top with butter pecan ice cream.

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Present in wide dessert dishes. Top with butter pecan ice cream.

The Mysterious Miss McKenna

By Robert Ottaway



VIRGINIA McKENNA, says the Rank Organisation, is "a bit of a mystery." It can say that again—and, if I know it, most probably will.

Consider. Ever since Anna Nergle opted out of the chin-tutting brigade, Miss McKenna (once known to a select few as "Ginny"—but who now dares?) has become our leading practitioner of martial, but feminine, heroics.

Bedraggled and be-japped, she added some beautiful torment to A Town Like Alice. Grimed and mud-caked like a dushman after his shift, she proceeded to withstand the Nazis in Carve Her Name With Pride. No recent war would be the same without her.

All this is liable to take the stuffing out of a girl. It would make anyone rather timid in company—and so it is scarcely surprising that Miss McKenna, who prefers to be addressed on envelopes as Mrs. William Travers, has acquired a sturdy professional reputation but remains something of an unsolved clue in a crossword as far as her private personality is concerned.

Chilled

Thus it was with a slightly chilled interest that I hared around the lush pastures of Pinewood Studios recently, having been invited to swap words with Miss McKenna as long as I forgot she was Mrs. Bill Travers. The promise solemnly given, we eventually ran her down in the restaurant. She shook me by the hand—and I considered this a good sign. We made with the words.

It seems as if Miss McKenna is not over-much worried about the trend of her career. She has never been one of those horrid, dedicated girls with a plan for success, she said. She has taken things as they come, she tells me, and, luckily, the things have come.

"I could never be happy if my private life were banded about in public," she said—flashing me an coyol of distrust, I thought. "I need that side of my life to give me the experience for my acting performances."

Mission

"I know," she resumed, "that people think of me as the brave girl with a mission. But I have only played two of those parts. I like comedy, too."

And then it transpired that in her current film, "The Passionate Summer," she puts on "glamorous gowns and a gay provocative smile," partly for the benefit of one of her co-stars, one William Travers—but don't spread it around.

PARIS

START HERE

DOWN

ACROSS

1. The word

which is the

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city of France

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4. The word

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5. The word

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name of the

city of France



(Continued on Page 20)



£10,000 a week!

BELAFONTE TOPS GARLAND IN LONDON

by JOHN LAMBERT

HARRY BELAFONTE'S silken voice took on a hard edge as he told me: "London audiences are in for a shock if they expect me to stand on a stage and sing calypsos in a slit shirt. I hope to show myself as an artist, not a commercial hack."

Belafonte, who is coming to London next month will be getting £10,000 for six shows. It is the highest price paid to a celebrity showman—almost double the amount netted by Judy Garland here.

Belafonte, now on holiday in Paris, was brusque when I suggested that the price was being met because of his success with calypsos like "Banana Boat Song" and his slit-shirt style of acting in films such as "Island in the Sun."

"People have the wrong impression about me," he said. "I recorded the calypsos as only a small part of folk songs from all over the world."

"I shall be on the stage for more than two hours during my

Producer Cline Turns To The Suez Crisis...

THE adventure of an American skipper of a tramp tanker in the Suez Canal during the recent troubles is the subject of a film to be made at the end of the year.

It is to be produced by John Cline with Eddie Constantine as the skipper and Odile Versois as a girl escaping from the Egyptians—they propose putting her into a concentration camp. She takes refuge on the tanker caught in the blockaded canal.

The film will be in English, to be dubbed later into French, Italian and German. But not, I gather, into Egyptian.

Double X?

Producer Cline's current activities are taking him around some of the seamier stretches of London making Passport to Sin.

This tells the story of a French girl who comes to London and makes a marriage of convenience to a taxi driver. The girl is Odile Versois and armed with British nationality

she is ready to begin her life of shame—outside a store in Bayswater under the tuition of Diana Dors.

This method of recruitment, apparently, is old-established. "It's been going on for 50 years," said Mr. Cline. "Now we are going to expose it."

"The film will probably get a double X certificate," added Mr. Cline with relish.

Eddie Constantine—hardly known in England, but one of the leading film stars on the Continent—plays the taxi driver. "I love this film," he said.

"I have to provide all my own costumes in France and that means 10 or 12 suits for each picture at about £200 each."

He is an expensive actor. He is said to get £150,000 for each film in France. For this one he will get £200,000, plus, of course, the saving on suits.

(London Express Service).

SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith

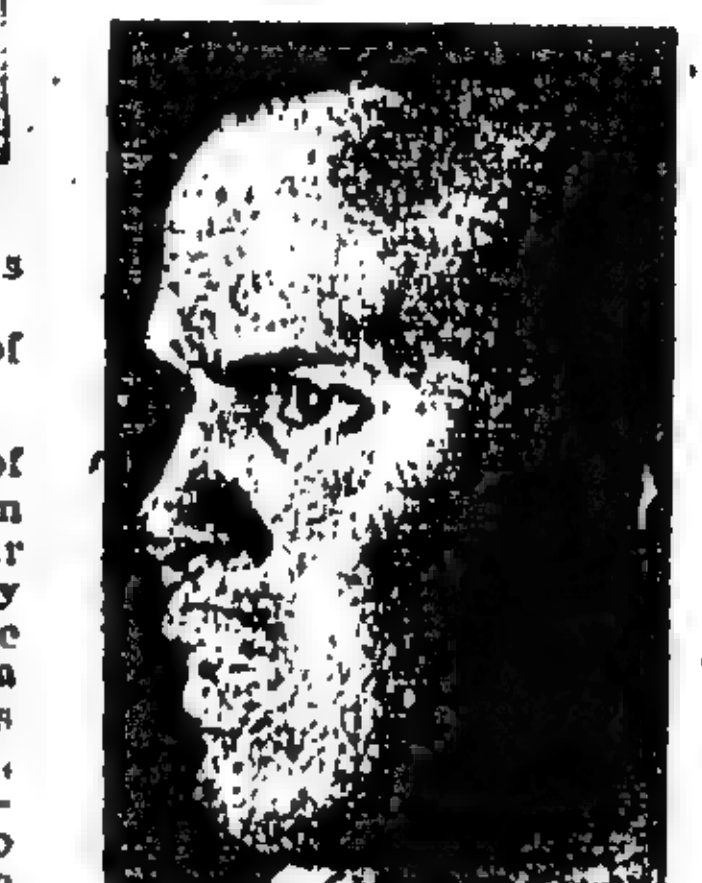


"Oh, you don't really have to try to charm any of the boys you date, Dorothy! Just let on you never knew any of the things they tell you!"

INSIDE SHOW-BUSINESS

THE INDISCREET WARDROBE OF INGRID BERGMAN

PRESENTING the "Indiscreet" wardrobe of Ingrid Bergman—the chic and so-called clothes that she wears in her new comedy with Cary Grant, called, of course, "Indiscreet." Bergman, usually a plainly dressed star on the screen, acquires a new fashion flair in the film. She needs it for the £20,000 collection of clothes designed for her by top couturiers Pierre Balmain, Lanvin, and the late Christian Dior. But Inside Show Business captures the most unusual-for-Bergman pose of them all—curled up on bed pillows in a billowy nightgown of white Swiss cotton. Cost for such bedroom chic: £85.



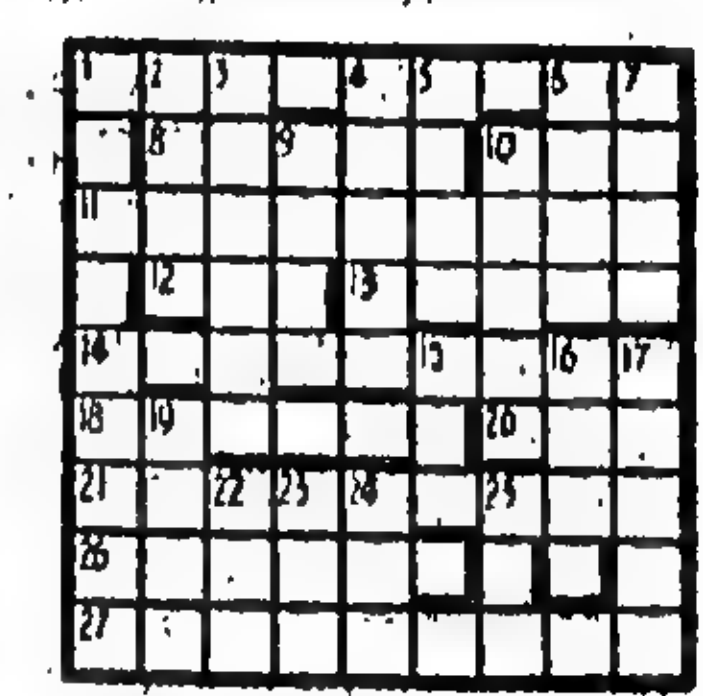
BELAFONTE
"DON'T GET ME WRONG"

hat and an umbrella. He is being chided as "more British than the British."

FRANK SINATRA seems to have severed his last sentimental link with ex-wife Ava Gardner. He has had a statue of her as "The Barefoot Contessa" removed from the drive of his Hollywood home. It has been there for four years.

CASTING ahead! Sophia Loren, in the film of the Broadway hit musical, "West Side Story," a modern variation of the Romeo and Juliet theme.

CROSSWORD



Across

1. Wide range (anagram) (9)

2. Part of a garment (5)

3. Old man (10)

4. Hearing apparatus (8)

5. For safety's sake, round on a car (9)

6. Took a chair (3)

7. Excellent (10)

8. Africa's rivers (5)

9. Latin word (6-4)

10. Rosemary's employee (4, 5)

11. Arch (3)

12. Hearing apparatus (8)

13. Request (4)

14. Kipling's story (4)

15. The novel (10)

16. Girl's name (10)

17. Power of an atom (10)

18. Object of worship (10)

19. Crown (10)

20. I perform (10)

21. Quail (10)

22. I do (10)

23. I do (10)

24. I do (10)

25. I do (10)

26. I do (10)

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THE Robert Pitman BOOK PAGE

"ONE lump or two?" asked the lady in black. Outside the sun glinted on the gilding of the Albert Memorial. Indoors, over ten in Kensington Gore, I was prying out the secret of the lady's career.

A very lucrative career indeed. A career based on treachery, stabbing, adultery, torture, and poisoning. Unusual activities for Kensington Gore? Perhaps, but there was something about the lady which puzzled me more.

Here was the paradox. The lady in black was one of the most successful authors in the English-speaking world. Her pen-name, Jean Plaidy, her historical novels cover the violent passions of five centuries. Her annual sales (not including paperbacks) are over 50,000. Yet this same name gets into the headlines. And her real name, Mrs Eleanor Hibbert, never gets mentioned at all.

How does she do it? How has she built up a vast public without publicity?

Well, examine some of the Plaidy topics.

Regular trips

AS I stirred my tea in Kensington Gore I thought of her latest non-fiction book — "A TRIPTYCH OF POISONERS" (Hale, 16s.). The subject of its centre portrait: the notorious Marie, Marquise de Brinvilliers.

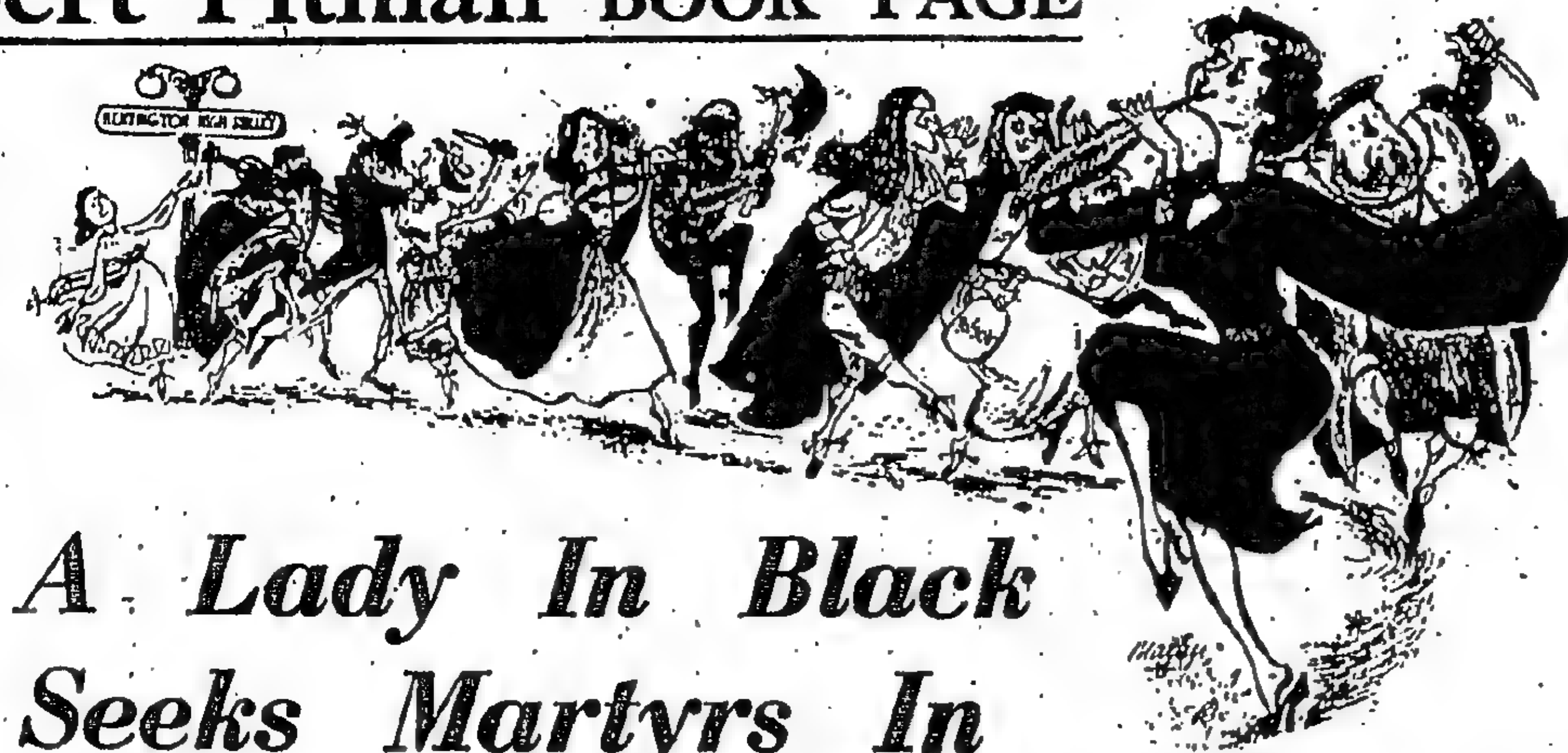
In seventeenth-century Paris aristocratic Marie discovered a simple way of getting at the family fortune even though her father and brothers were alive. She poisoned them.

Marie did her own lab. work on the chemicals too. And she had some other sides to her character. Before she took to murdering her family she became a sister of Mercy and made regular trips with food and dainties to the gloomy hospitals for the Paris poor.

Whenever a favoured patient was missing the next day, Marie knew she had hit on a good formula.

In her new book Jean Plaidy, the lady from Kensington Gore, now describes in detail how Marie poisoned and how Marie was caught.

But she describes in even more generous detail how the dainty woman was then enthusiastically tortured. Or take an earlier Plaidy book, ROYAL ROAD TO



A Lady In Black Seeks Martyrs In Kensington

FOTHERINGAY (Hale, 12s. 6d.), a fiction treatment of the life and death of Mary Queen of Scots. Especially of the death.

The gentle Jean Plaidy describes how Mary's executioner trembled so much that he took three swipes to finish the job. She describes how he then grasped the lovely chestnut hair to hold up the head to the on-lookers.

A head rolls

BUT something heavy slipped out of the hair. The man found he was holding only an empty wig. The head itself, topped with grey stubble, was rolling in his feet.

Such is the blood-spotted history which is inlaid out in the rednecked Hibbert flat in Kensington Gore. It is powerful, lusty stuff — and accurate too. But what sets it apart from other cloak-and-dagger writing? What is it that makes the readers in the suburbs quietly pass on the name of Plaidy to each other without any prompting from reviewers?

White-bearded

AS the tapestry clattered I began my inquiry. White-bearded Mr Hibbert, a jovial man older than his wife, rushed for something to rest my notes on. His wife said:—

"I started writing in the 'thirties. I used to go in to help my husband at his office in Regent Street."

"I was a leather merchant. She helped with the phone" said Mr Hibbert.

"Well, I started typing out novels on the office typewriter. Eventually I wrote nine of them — long, serious things about modern life. But nobody would publish them."

"I altered all that," said Mr Hibbert.

"Yes, my husband said I ought to write short stories instead. So I took a correspondence course and I started having stories accepted straight away. Then I began having romance serials published."

"But not under the name of Jean Plaidy," said Mr Hibbert. "She writes six books a year under four different names." I nodded. I knew about the Plaidy aliases (e.g., Elialoe Tate, who writes fine history fiction for Hodder and Stoughton). But somehow I felt I was not reaching the Plaidy secret.

The Inquisition

THEN the tapestry were cleared away and we moved to the small room where the Plaidy books are written. It contained a spare bed for guests. But the bed could hardly be seen. It was heaped high with open books. History books of all sizes and centuries. I looked at one of them (published 1770). The title page announced:—

"A Review of the Bloody Tribunal or the Horrid Cruelties of the Inquisition—containing A

Description of the most dreadful and exquisite TORTURES." Mrs Hibbert said: "I'm just finishing three volumes on the Inquisition. I got up at about 6.30 every morning, including Sundays. I have a bath and a plate of cereal at the same time. Then I start work here. After lunch I go shopping. Then at 4.30 I start again. And all the rest of the time I'm reading — history, history, history. In bed, over meals."

In that little book-crammed room I had not the answer to the Plaidy secret at last. Sheer hard work.

Take her latest novel MADONNA OF THE SEVEN HILLS (Hale, 15s.) about naughty Lucrèce Borgia and her even naughtier papa, who also happened to be Pope Alexander VI.

The book is kind to them both, but I rate it the best Plaidy yet. Inevitably those readers in the suburbs will sense the care and industry that has gone into it.

And let us not forget the imagination too. Tomorrow afternoon shoppers may see a middle-aged, still-pretty lady in black wandering through Derry and Toms and Barkers. They may see her looking at the bales of cotton repp, at the sides of bacon in the grocery department.

But the lady will not be seeing bacon. She will be seeing a Protestant martyr sizzling at the stake.

Recommended

FOR the history fan I add two non-Hibbert books:—

THE WINTHROP WOMAN, by Anna Selon. The stormy life and loves of an apothecary's

daughter who went off to America during the seventeenth century. I predict it will be a big best-seller. (Hodder, 18s.)

SCENT OF CLOVES, by Norah Loft. Another novel certain to enjoy big sales. The stormy life and loves of a girl who went off to the East Indies during the seventeenth century. (Hutchinson, 15s.)

FICTION SHELF

The Taste of Ashes. Howard Browne. Gollancz 12s. 6d. Olympic Heights is a patrician American township where the police are armed with universal degrees and black-jacks. Private detective Paul Pine, called in to trace some compromising photographs, quickly finds murder and blackmail behind the aristocratic facade. Cunningly plotted and crisply written.

The Galloway Case. Andrew Garve. Collins 10s. 6d. To get his girl journalist Peter Rennie has first to clear her father, a writer of thrillers convicted of murdering an amateur author from whom he is accused of stealing a plot. Characters include a blackmailing librarian (dead) and a retired pornographer (alive). No one would even consider stealing Mr Garve's involved and improbable plot.

Marked for Murder. Ronald Campbell. Hammond 10s. 6d. Small-town newspaper proprietor in the Australian outback

investigates the murder of a particularly cunningly local farmer. In the process he successfully sends up both his newspaper's and the reader's circulation.

Murder's Little Sister. Pamela Branch. Hale 10s. 6d. The mock suicide-bid of Enid Marley, the universally hated tartan in charge of an agony column, backfires. Her colleagues on the magazine find themselves set about clearing up the affair. As relentlessly funny as a third-rate music hall comedian.

Gardenias Bruise Easily. John Paddy Carstairs. Allen 10s. 6d. Novelist Garway Trenton arrives on the Riviera with girl-friend only to find himself grappling with corpses in his bedroom and a mysterious vamp called Vanina. The improbabilities of the plot are carried off with aplomb and high spirits.

RUDOLF KLEIN

(London Express Service).

CYRIL STAPLETON TOLD ME

JAZZ ON TAPES HITS THE DISCS!

HERE is a surprising fact behind the fall-off in record sales.

One broadcasting chief was recently invited to make an appearance at the local youth club. He found it well organised.

"They had record sessions," he told me "but they weren't buying records. They took them down from radio disc jockey programmes on a tape recorder." Figure it the teenagers' way. A cheap record player costs around £15. A tape recorder costs little more than twice as much. So the club gets together and invests in a tape recorder.

A single tape gives almost an hour's playing time and they can record their favourite singing stars, bands, and shows — all for nothing. And when they tire of them, the youngsters can erase and tape more. The

The First Eleven

1 "ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE." Vic Damone. Philips. (1)

1 "ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DREAM." Everley Brothers. London. (2)

3 "TULIPS FROM AMSTERDAM." "YOU NEED HANDS." Max Bygraves. Decca. (8)

4 "WHO'S SORRY NOW." Connie Francis. M.G.-M. (3)

5 "BIG MAN." Four Preps. Capitol. (10)

6 "TWILIGHT TIME." Platters. Mercury. (12)

7 "WITCH DOCTOR." Don Lane. H.M.V. (6)

8 "BOOK OF LOVE." Mudlarks. Columbia. (9)

9 "TOM HARK." Elton and his Zig Zag Jive Flutes. Columbia. (8)

10 "ARMY GAME." Bernard Bresslaw, Michael Medwin, Alfie Bass, Leslie Fyson. H.M.V. (5)

11 "TAIRWAY OF LOVE." Michael Holliday. Columbia. (4)

The Twelfth Man "SUGAR MOON." Pat Boone. (London).

cream of the world's talent is theirs for the taping.

As the worried frowns deepen among the trade, the teenagers tap their toes with glee.

Crystal ball clue

ROCK, skiffie and now the Kwaiki beat. What next? A quick look into my crystal ball provides a clue.

The jolly, rollicking marching beat has swung quite a few songs into the Hit Parade over the years. Anne Shelton's "Lay Down Your Arms" was a recent example.

A new American song, "Left Right Out Of Your Heart," neatly combines the marching beat with that old TPA standby 'I'm a Fool'.

The Pall Page recording stepped right up into the sales lists in the first week of release. British recording will be forthcoming from EMI, Decca, and Parlophone. The latter, which indicates that the smart boys of recording believe they are on to a good thing. Confirmation may come on July 30, when Pall Page sings the number on the Perry Como Show.

PYE-NIXA are releasing two songs by James Kehue, who satirises coffee-bar wonder boys in "Expresso Song." No one is more surprised than Kehue, who set out to knock the teenage idols — and woke up to find himself taken seriously as a vocalist.

"I shall have to take singing lessons," he says, sadly. The joke is that the records will probably sell top.

WHEN did you hear a singer plug someone else's record? Dorothy Squires is doing so on her current variety tour to boost sales of Gary Miller's "Ivanhoe of England."

No mystery really. Dorothy was a marching band, inspired no doubt by the success of her TV "Ivanhoe" husband, Roger Moore.

Sartorial stunt

PRIVATE PRESLEY may be gone but they are determined that he shall not be forgotten. Recently we saw one of the biggest promotional stunts since Dusty Crockett's has become a must in jasper scarlet.

Presley's Army Jewellery was launched on the American market — dog tags, bracelets, anklets, and sweater guards (whatsoever they may be), and key chains, all in silver or gold to choice.

Each item is marked with the Presley Army serial number, blood group, autograph, and an etched picture of the lad himself.

These were sold in all chainways where the latest Elvis film is showing, and it seemed they went fast. Already there are orders to the tune of a million and a half.

Cry-gal gimmick

JOHNNIE RAY began it. Looks like the female of the species is determined to finish it. The cry-gal tag is rapidly becoming the cry-gal gimmick.

Conan Doyle topped the Best Sellers with "Who's Sorry Now." Her follow-up is "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry." Julie London scored her biggest hit with "Cry Me A River." Lita Roza's latest is "Sorry, Sorry, Sorry." Plain case of the Weeps To Conquer, I'd say.

New disc venture

I TOLD you that the film companies were about to invade recording in a big way. Every day their forces gather strength — the Rank Organisation, Warner Brothers, United Artists, Twentieth Century-Fox, and Columbia Pictures.

Among Columbia's vocal signings on their Colpix label are glamour pussies Kim Novak and Brigitte Bardot.

Now ABC-TV are seriously thinking of launching a disc concern, probably stimulated by the knowledge that a number of American commercial TV enterprises have similar plans.

As if Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were not coming enough money with their Decca production, they are contemplating buying a half interest in Mercury Records.

Seems that we shall soon be able to forget about the gold standard and talk about the golden-record standard instead.

THE Americans often team up for duets—Sinatra recently recorded one with Keely Smith — but this is seldom done in Britain.

Now Marion Ryan and Gary Miller have slipped in unorthodoxly with "A Couple of Crazy Kids." They are not so crazy. A hit record is a hit record, no matter how many share the label credit. The disc may steal the thunder from the B.B.C.'s version. Minco's is a mere solo effort.

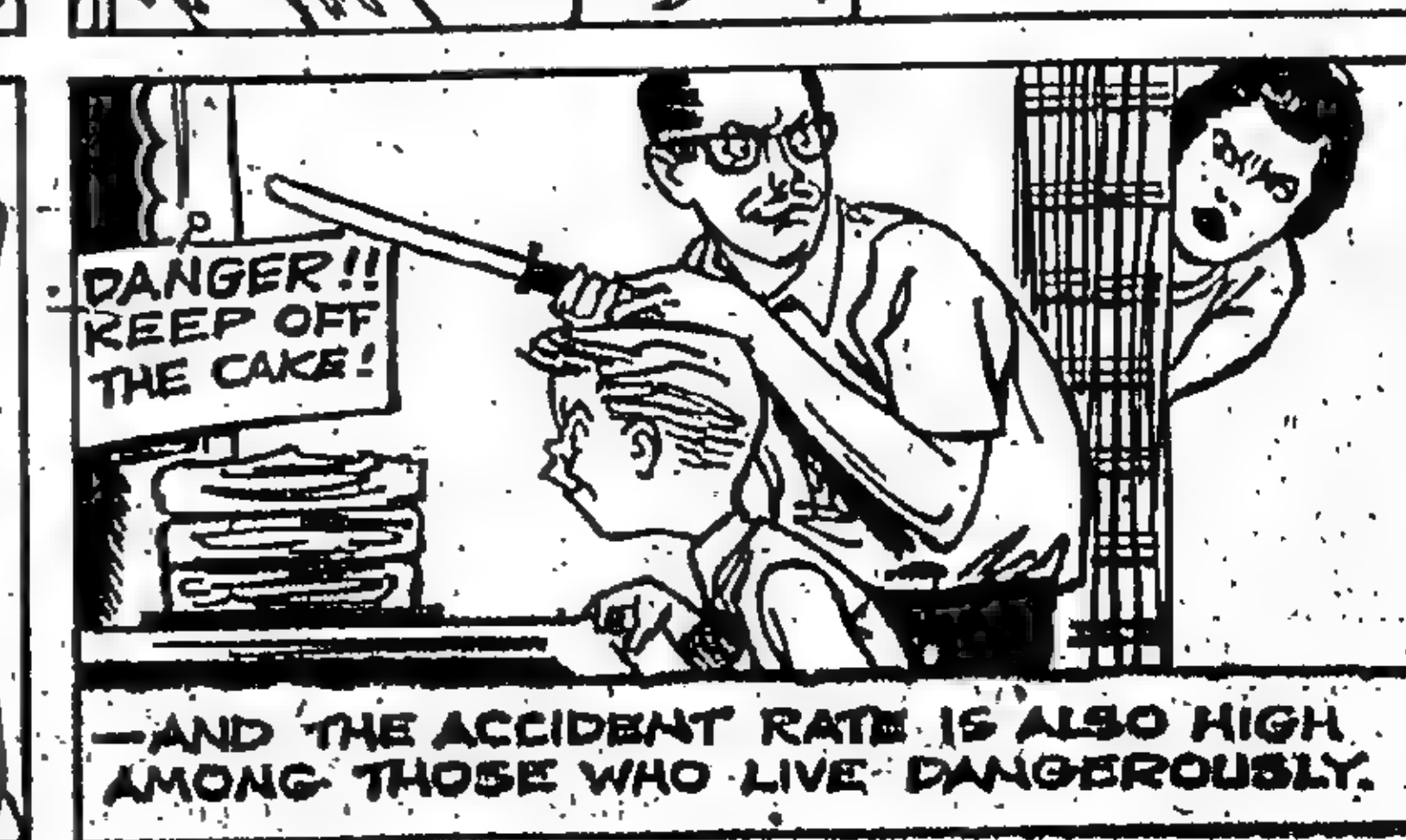
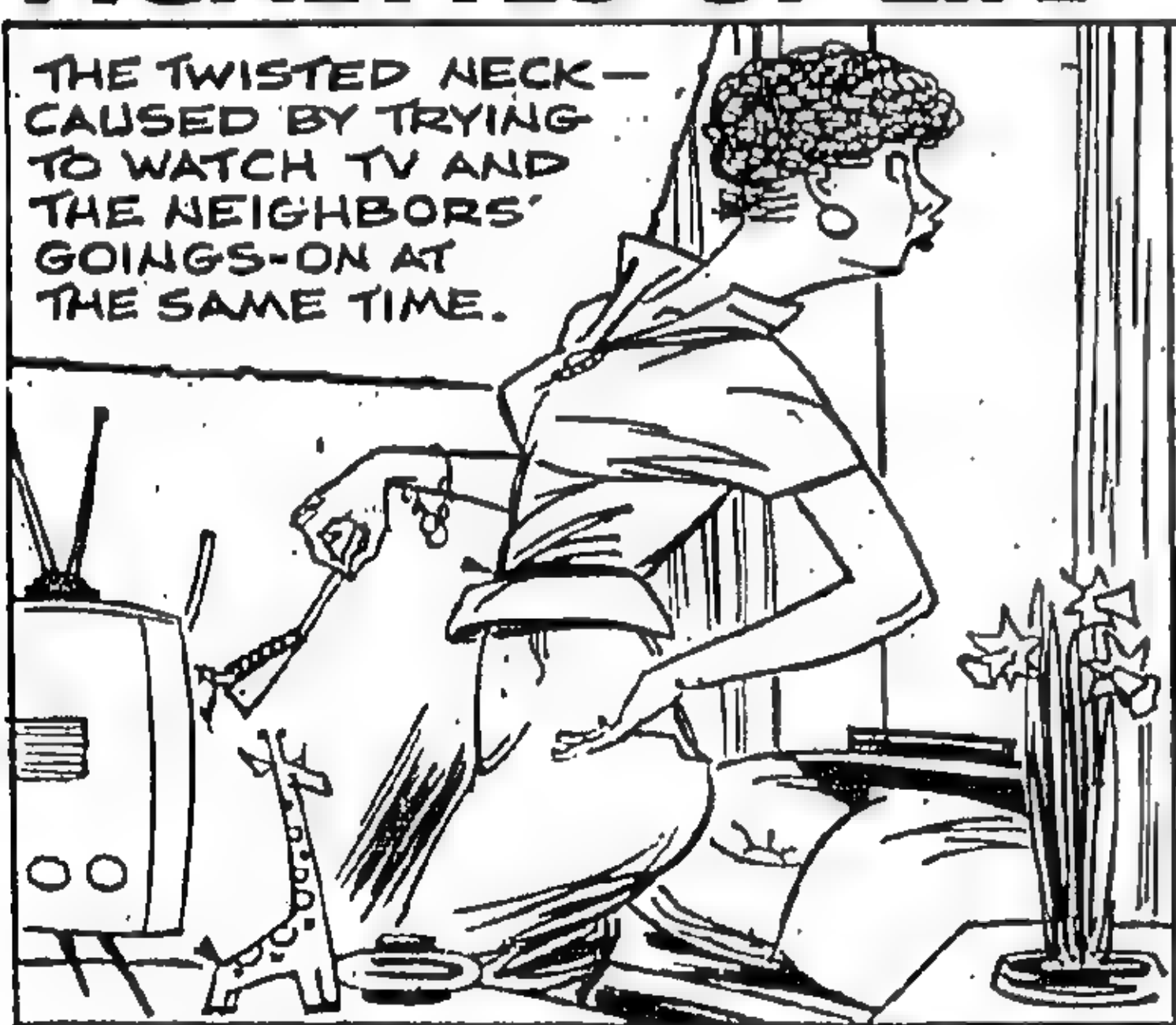
Dead? It's the best

DON'T let anyone kid you that sound radio is dead. It's still acknowledged as the best plus programme of them all in the B.B.C.'s "Two Way Family Favourites." Listening figures are computed at upwards of 150,000,000.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

How Accidents Happen

By Harry Weinert



Dead? It's the best

DON'T let anyone kid you that sound radio is dead. It's still acknowledged as the best plus programme of them all in the B.B.C.'s "Two Way Family Favourites." Listening figures are computed at upwards of 150,000,000.

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

True Adventure—Digging For Ancient History

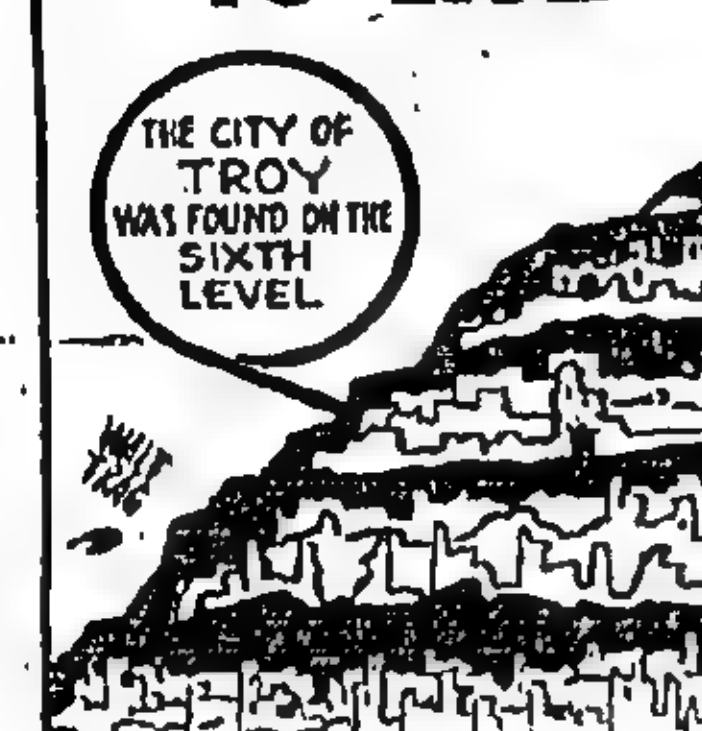
EVERYBODY who had read the writings of Homer had heard of Troy but practically nobody believed that such a place had ever existed.

One of those who thought differently was a grocer's assistant named Heinrich Schliemann. Ever since his father had read Homer to him when he was eight years old he had made up his mind to prove the experts wrong.

The grocer's boy became a successful merchant and travelled to many lands. Besides his native German he taught himself to speak 17 other languages, including English. But it was not until he was 40 years old that Schliemann had the money and knowledge necessary to start his life's work.

He started digging at Hisarlik, in present-day Turkey, in April of 1870. This hill rose 102 feet above the plain. Sixteen feet down, his shovel struck the first ancient wall.

HE BROUGHT TROY TO LIFE



THE CITY OF TROY WAS FOUND ON THE SIXTH LEVEL

Altogether Schliemann uncovered the remains of nine cities, one below the other. The sixth from the bottom was Troy and the earliest city rested

on top of the original hill which had only been 60 feet high. Schliemann was disappointed that Troy was so small but he found many treasures. These

included ornaments of gold and silver and copper vessels. There were also the bones of animals such as boars, oxen, sheep and deer. Schliemann had proved that the legend of Homer was based on fact and that there really had been a Troy. But, although he published a book on his findings, the experts made fun of his work.

He then continued his work in Greece. Again he wrote a book on his work. But this one had a preface by W. E. Gladstone, Prime Minister of Great Britain. The scientists were forced to admit that they had been mistaken.

Schliemann next set out to prove that European civilisation was older than Egyptian. In 1890 he began digging in Crete. But it was left for others to carry on the work he had begun. Worn out with his labours, Heinrich Schliemann died in December of that year at the age of 68.

—R. S. CRAGGS

Our World—More Than A Loaf Of Bread

DO you know that those billions of bushels of wheat grown every year are used for many things in addition to making bread, and other good things to eat?

They might have been used to give the glossy finish to the paper which you are holding or have been used in the ink with which it was printed.

They could have given your new cotton dress its fresh crisp look or have been used in making the gum drops, jelly beans or ice cream cone you bought yesterday.

These are only a few of the new markets which chemistry is finding for King Wheat. You see, only 72% of the wheat kernel becomes the fine white flour bakers and home-makers use in baking.

Years ago millers placed no value on the part of the wheat kernel they did not use for flour. They often threw it into the



WHEAT IS USED IN MANY THINGS BESIDE BREAD

millstream to be carried away by the current. It's different now.

A good share of the coarse bran from the kernel's outer layers is sold to farmers for poultry and animal feed.

Thousands of pounds of the wheat middlings and red dog (the technical names of these outer coverings) are also used to polish leather for shoes and tin for the cans that hold vegetables, fruit, meat and other products. In addition, they are used as the absorbent for nitroglycerine in making dynamite.

The wheat embryo, or germ, is not included in flour today because it doesn't keep well. Nevertheless, it yields a valuable oil which contains vitamin E. This is sold to drug companies who manufacture vitamin pills and to manufacturers of animal feeds.

Chemists, also, are finding hundreds of uses for the low grade flour which is not sold for baking purposes. It yields gluten, a gummy substance, which, as a substitute for shellac, may be used as a waterproof coating on paper or in making such things as floor polish and wax.

The clear starches obtained from gluten are used in making ice cream cones and sweets.

They are also used in making non-lumpy canned cream soups, baby foods, and salad dressings. These new clear starches are used to give cotton materials their crisp, new feel and look. They make up the gel base of dry cells in radios, flashlights and walkie-talkies.

Paperhangers prefer a paste made of wheat starch. Used in rodent and insect poisons, they help farmers save crops. Wheat starch is used in making fine face and talcum powders. It is used in making carpets, wallpaper, window shades, tents, rubber products and pipe.

These starches have been used a long time. Ancient Egyptians used them to coat their papyrus rolls as early as 3500 B. C. Some centuries later, stylish Europeans used them to stiffen the ruffles which protruded at the neck and wrists of their bright-coloured coats.

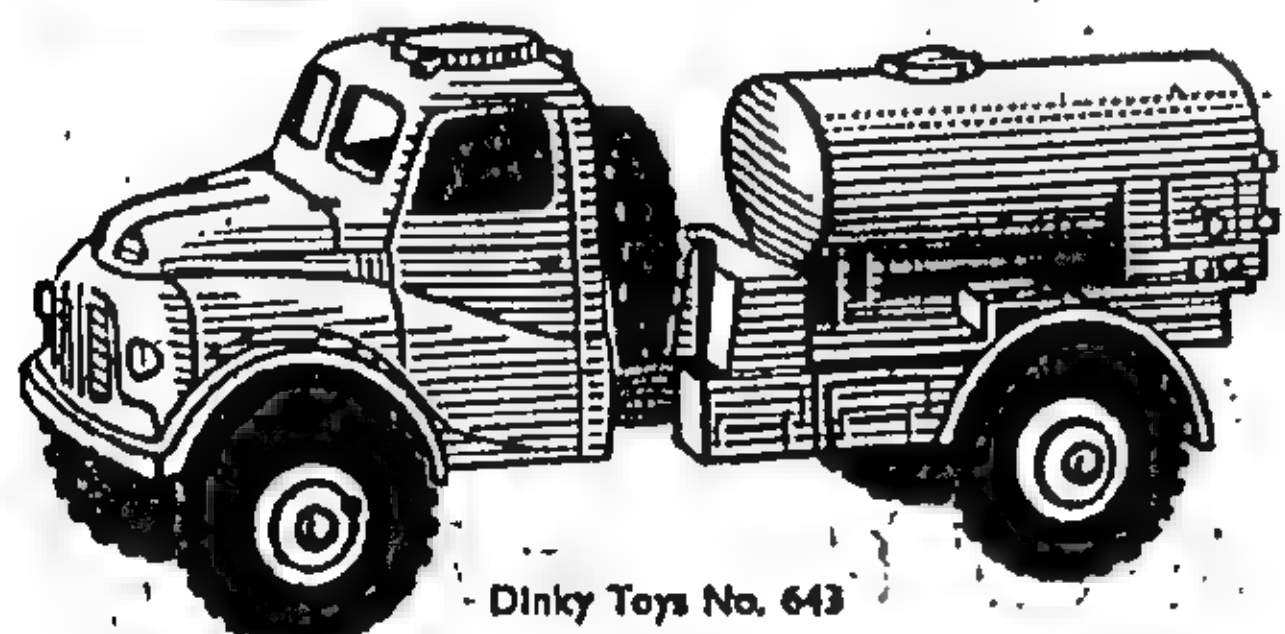
During colonial days, the founding fathers of America even powdered their wigs with starch made from the kernels of wheat they grew on their own fields.

40X4S WHO



LIKE ALL MARSUPIALS, THE BABY KOALA IS ONLY AN INCH LONG AT BIRTH, IS CARRIED AROUND FOR MONTHS IN ITS MOTHER'S POUCH, LATER IT EMERGES AND CLIMBS UPON THE MOTHER'S BACK.

New this month!



ARMY WATER TANKER

No army can go into battle without water tankers! And here is the latest Dinky Toys model finished in Service green. An authentically detailed Army Water Tanker—with driver and spare wheel—essential to your collection. See it now at your dealers; you will be delighted with it and the many other fine models in the Dinky Toys range. Length 3 1/2" (90mm.)

keep on collecting

DINKY TOYS

MADE IN ENGLAND BY MECCANO LTD., BIRNINGSHAM, ENGLAND

Inside The Mirror Room

—Knaif And Hand Decide The Real Room Is Best—

By MAX TRELL

"I WAS reading a book yesterday," Knaif, the Shadow Boy with the Turned-About Name, was saying to his sister Hand, "about a little girl who went through a looking glass."

Hand asked: "Is the girl's name Alice?"

Knaif looked surprised. "How do you know that?"

Hand simply smiled. "Strange Garden"

"I read that book, too, Knaif. She went right through the looking glass—Alice did. I mean—and found herself in a very strange garden, didn't she?"

"Oh, you can't do it," Hand promptly replied.

"Alice did it," said Knaif. "Why can't I?"

Knaif kept insisting that he could walk through a mirror and come out on the other side while Hand kept shaking her head and saying that it would be impossible.

"All right," Knaif said, "I'm going to try it right now."

There was nothing that Hand could do to stop him. "You'll only bump your head," she said in final warning.

"If Alice did it, I can do it," Knaif kept repeating.

By this time, they had reached the long mirror hanging on the wall in the living room. Knaif put a chair next to it, climbed up and got ready to step into the mirror.

"Here I go!" he said. He took a step forward. Standing next to the chair, Hand shut her eyes, for she didn't want to see her brother bump his head. Not hearing any sound, she opened them again. To her astonishment, Knaif had disappeared!

"Knaif! she shouted. "Where are you?"

"I'm here inside the mirror," she heard Knaif say, calling to her from what seemed to be a great distance off.

She Saw Him



Looking Into The Mirror, Hand saw her brother Knaif.

Hand herself was now standing, was her brother Knaif. "Come on in!" Knaif called.

Hand picked up her skirt and stepped from the chair on which she was standing to the chair in the mirror.

It was all very pleasant, like stepping through a sort of veil. "Well, here we are," said Knaif, as he helped her get down from the mirror chair.

Everything seemed to be the same in the mirror-room as it was in the real room except that things kept moving away. Hand wanted to go out through the door at the other end of the room. But though she ran and ran as fast as she could, she never could seem to reach it.

It was the same with Knaif. He tried to go up to the clock that hung on the wall near the window and, in spite of the fact that he ran with all his might, he found himself as far away from it as ever.

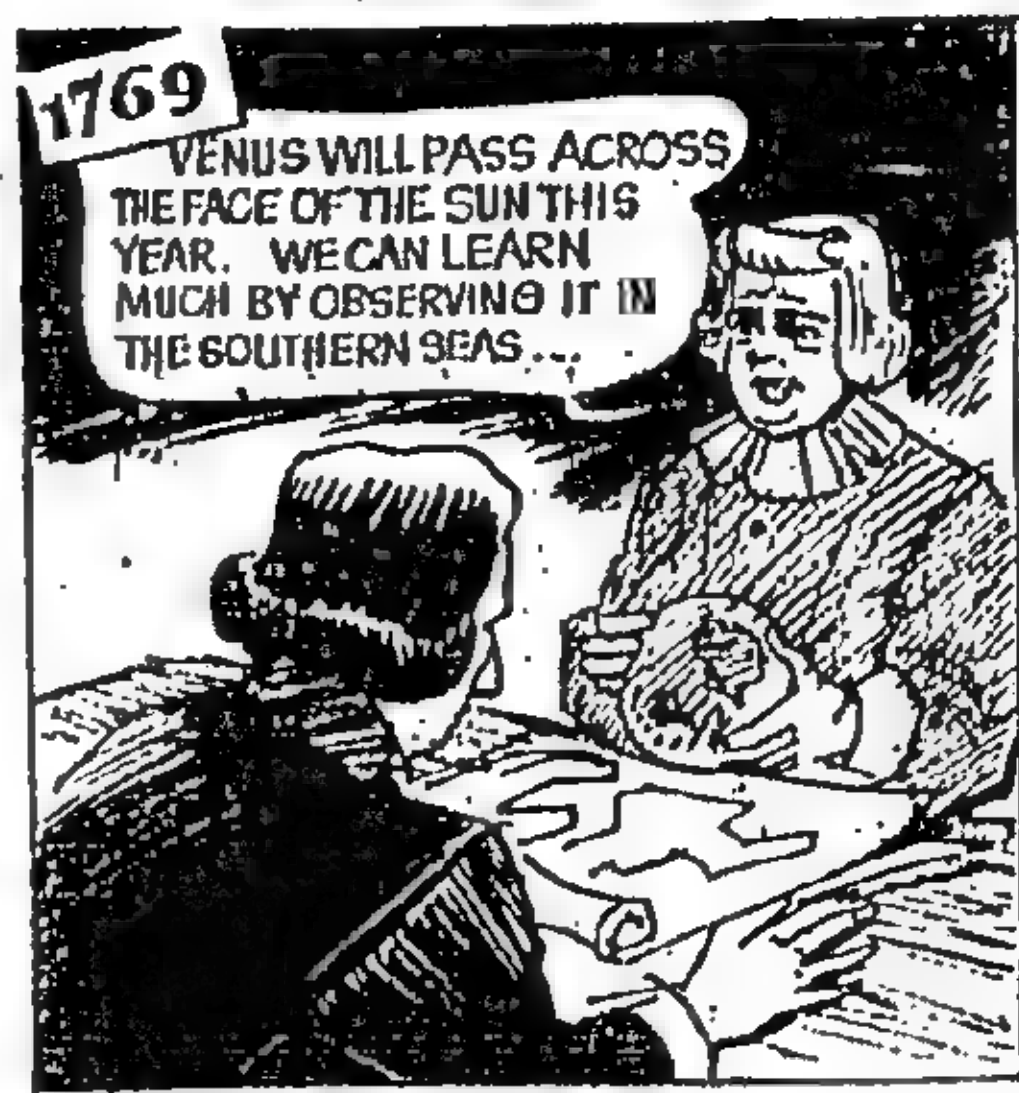
In the Garden

"I'd love to look out of the window," Hand said. "I think I can hear some children playing out in the garden. But there's no use trying to get to the window. It keeps moving away."

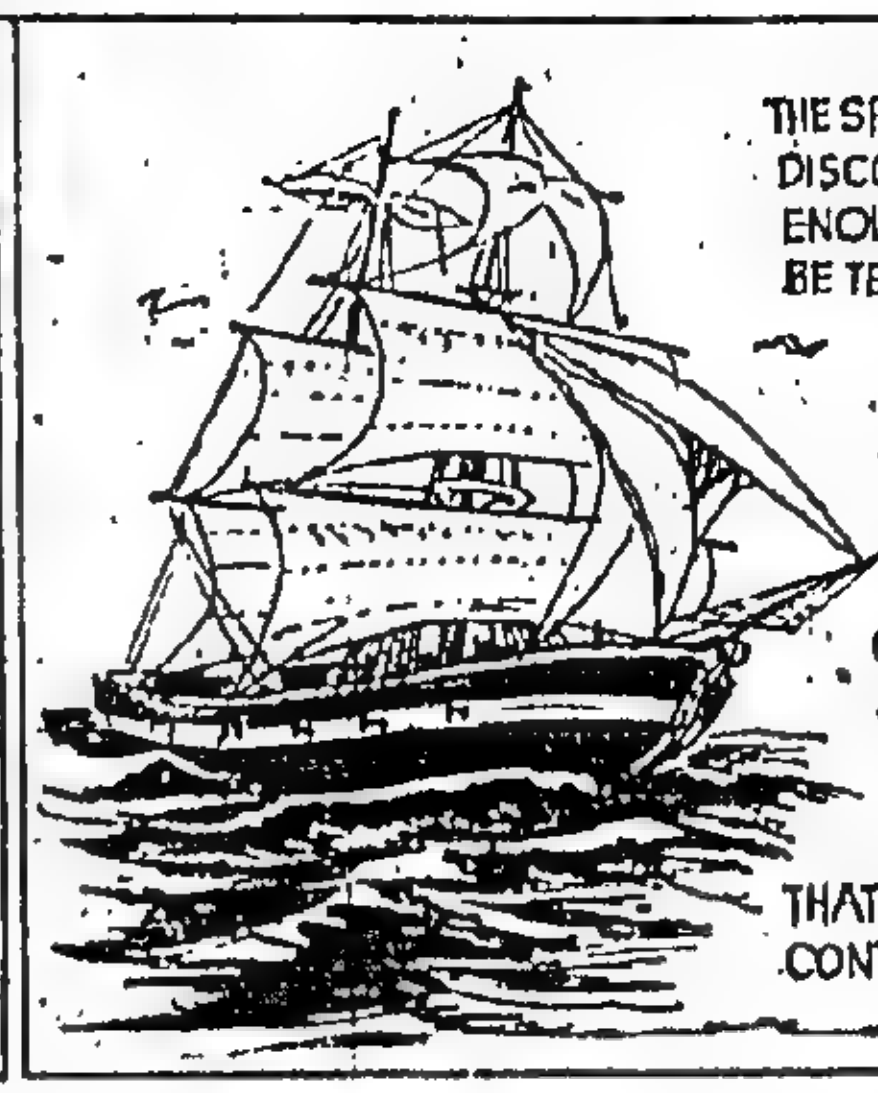
The best thing Hand could do was to stand on tiptoes. She could hear the children's voices, but she couldn't see the children. She never found out whether they were real children or mirror children.

Knaif and Hand climbed back through the mirror into the real room again. This time they had no trouble reaching the window at all. And outside in their garden, the children were really playing—the real children!

Long Ago—The First 'Geophysical Year'



1769 VENUS WILL PASS ACROSS THE FACE OF THE SUN THIS YEAR. WE CAN LEARN MUCH BY OBSERVING IT IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS.



THE SPIRIT OF SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY AND DISCOVERY WAS ENORMOUS—GREAT ENOUGH TO BRING 'BOAT WHAT MIGHT BE TERMED 'THE FIRST GEOPHYSICAL YEAR'

FRANCE SENT NAVIGATOR BOUGAINVILLE AND ENGLAND SENT FAMED CAPTAIN COOK.

WITH THEM WENT MANY MEN OF SCIENCE—TO STUDY SEA, LAND, ANIMALS AND PLANTS AS WELL AS TO OBSERVE THE HEAVENS.

IT WAS WHILE ON THIS MISSION THAT COOK DISCOVERED AN UNKNOWN CONTINENT—AUSTRALIA.

—BILL ARTER

Skies Above—

You Can't See It, But Air Is There

THE earth and everything on its surface, including you, is wrapped in a soft, invisible blanket 600 miles thick.

This blanket is called atmosphere. It's a layer of air between us and outer space.

The higher you go, the thinner air becomes. At the outermost edge of the atmosphere is a vacuum—a completely airless world where you would need special breathing equipment to live.

Besides providing you with air to breathe, the atmosphere does two other things to help keep you alive:

It serves as a giant greenhouse roof that lets the sun's rays come in, then traps the heat these rays make when they hit the earth's surface. If we had no atmosphere, the earth's warmth would escape as soon as the sun went down and we would all be frozen stiff as boards each night.

It also keeps most of the sun's deadly X-rays and ultra-violet light out just what it is. Without atmosphere, these killing rays would quickly turn earth into a lifeless world.

Since Our Lives depend so much on air, it's a good idea to find out just what it is. The main ingredients are two colourless gases that are called nitrogen and oxygen. Almost all of the air (78 per cent of it) is nitrogen. Oxygen, the gas we use up when we breathe, makes up almost all of the rest.

There are small amounts of other gases. One of these is carbon dioxide, a gas you produce when you breathe out. Plants use carbon dioxide and water to make food.

It may surprise you to learn that air also contains tiny specks of dust and water. But they are so small you can't see them. The water in the air is really an extra fine mist that changes into tiny droplets when the air turns cool and becomes the clouds you see.

When the air turns cool, it can't hold as much water as it does when it's warm, and when conditions are right some of this water comes down as rain.

Scientists tell us that about 90 per cent of air is wedged into a 10-mile thick zone that begins at the earth's surface. This zone, the one you live in, has a tongue-twisting name: troposphere.

The second layer is called the stratosphere and goes up about 60 miles. Until a small dog was sent up in Sputnik II, no living thing had ever gone beyond the stratosphere.

Within the stratosphere is a layer of ozone 10 to 30 miles up. Ozone is a bluish gas in the form the oxygen. It shields us from the destructive ultra-violet rays sent out by the sun.

Exciting things are happening in the next layer, called the mesosphere, which starts about 60 miles up and is at least 150 miles deep. It contains a vast electrical sea where X-rays are constantly exploding, like tiny A-bomb explosions. This layer guards you by absorbing the X-rays.

Scientists tell us the ionosphere is a thick belt of electrons and electrified atoms. The sun's

X-rays shoot into this band of extremely thin air, then smash into oxygen and nitrogen molecules. This tears out their electrons and electrifies countless trillions of atoms.

The ionosphere also acts as a buffer zone for cosmic rays, those mysterious rays which travel so fast they can tear through any man-made shield.

There is almost no air in the ionosphere. And air becomes even thinner, finally merging with outer space, in the last layer—the exosphere.

It's The Dust and moisture in our air that make the sky blue during a clear day. They bend and scatter the sun's rays.

The sun gives off a white light, but this white light contains invisible colour rays—red, yellow, green, blue and violet. Because the blue and violet rays are bent more easily than the others and spread their rays over the sky, giving it a bluish colour.

This atmospheric haze makes the sun, moon and stars look fainter than they really are, because it cuts off some of their light.

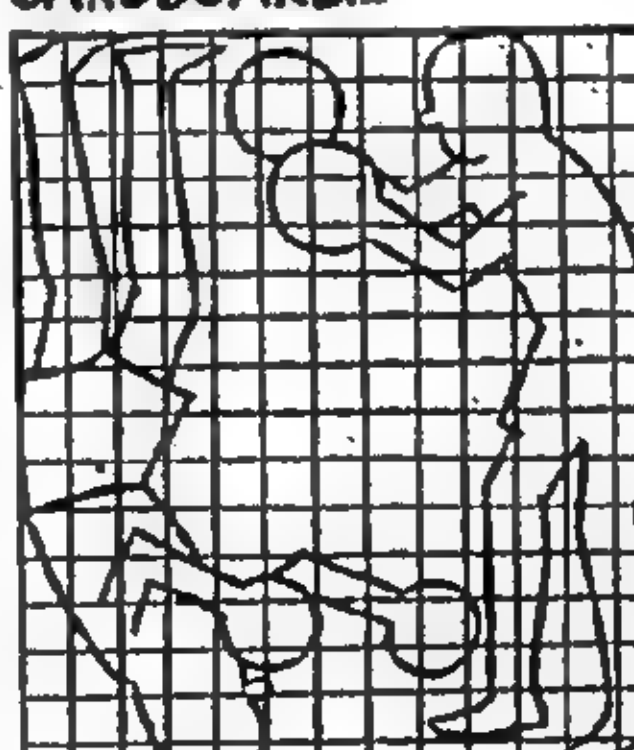
The closer stars and planets are to the horizon, the dimmer they appear. That's because the atmospheric layer through which they must shine is thicker than when they are directly overhead.

When the sun sets, it has a reddish hue because we see it through more atmosphere. But, when it is overhead at noon, the atmosphere through which it must shine is a great deal thinner, and it appears yellowish white.

—WILLIAM J. WEISER JR.

HOW TO MAKE SHADOW PUPPETS

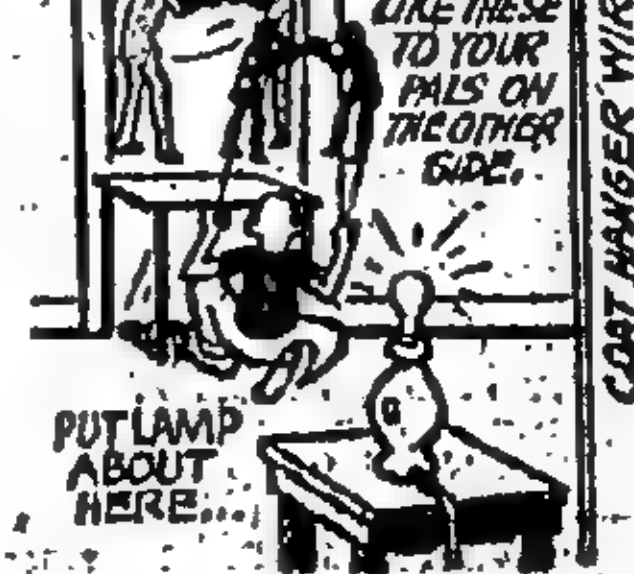
1. CUT OUT FIGURES LIKE THIS FROM MEDIUM WEIGHT CARDBOARD.



2. STRAIGHTEN OUT 2 COAT HANGERS AND TAPE ONE TO BACK OF EACH BOXER.



3. HANG A SHEET OVER A DOORWAY IN FRONT OF YOUR AUDIENCE. STAND BEHIND SHEET AND WORK PUPPETS.



Those Hoops Are Useful

OLD-FASHIONED wooden embroidery hoops have many excellent uses around the house.

For example, you can create a lovely decorative medallion for the kitchen from a pair.

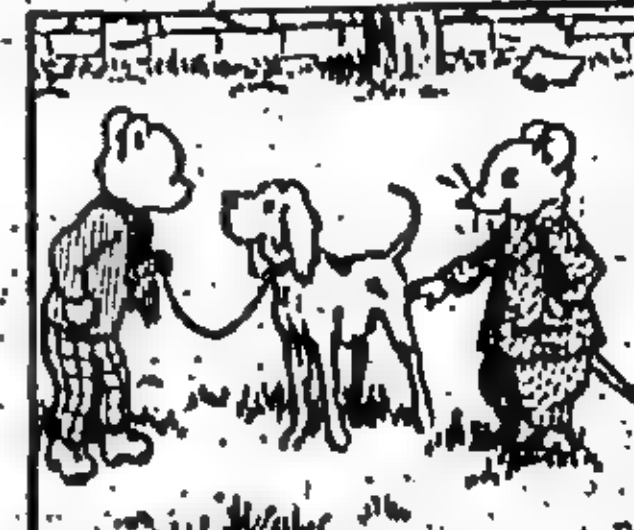
All you do is select a pretty centre motif from a piece of plastic fabric. Stretch it in position over the hoops. Plastic ruffling of a solid colour that matches the background should be thumbtacked into position all around the edge of the hoop.

Hang the completed picture on the wall. One may be used on each side of a window where it will look especially well if the same plastic fabric is used for kitchen curtains. The picture can be wiped clean of dust with a damp cloth.

By stretching a piece of loosely-woven fabric, such as cheesecloth, in position over a pair of small embroidery hoops, a kitchen pottery bowl can be converted into an attractive, useful emergency flower vase. Simply set the hoops over the top of the bowl. Slip the stems of flowers and leaves through the fabric. Burlap may be used instead of cheesecloth. Just be sure that it is concealed completely by the greenery, and is above the water line.

A pair of embroidery hoops in combination with any loosely-woven fabric may also be used for straining paint. Place the hoops over the opening of an empty receptacle, and pour the paint through. The fabric can be discarded easily afterwards, and the hoops left intact for use later on.

Rupert and Floppy—7



Rupert is relieved to find that the dog is so friendly and harmless. "He certainly likes following people," he smiles. "He was trailing me ever so far." "Well, would you like to take him for a bit?" says Rupert. "I was trying to exercise him, but I'm too

small and he's too strong for me." Let's see if I can lead him, suggests Rupert cautiously. Holding the lead he takes Floppy through a gate and back to the tree. All goes well, as he picks up his paper carrier and gaily goes on his errand.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Puzzle Pete's COLUMN

VATICAN CITY REBUS

Puzzle Pete has hidden four facts about Vatican City in his rebus. Find them by using the words and pictures correctly.

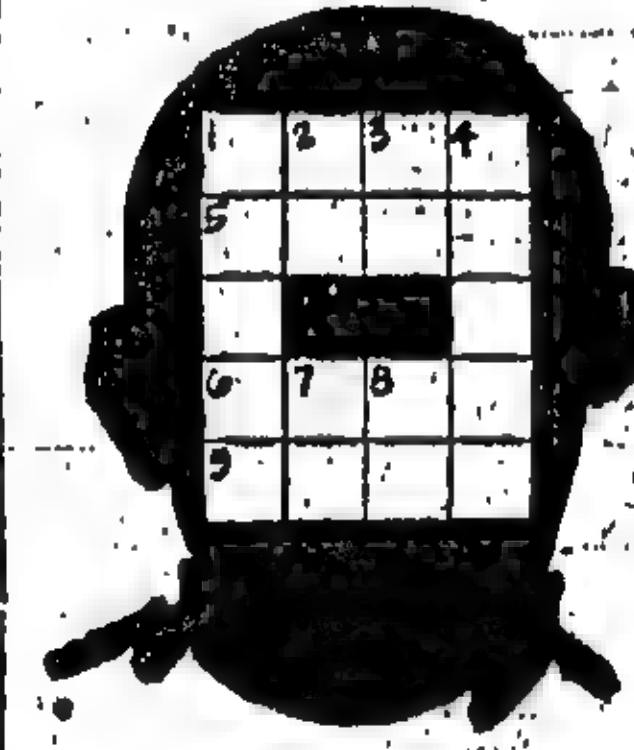


BACKWARD SENTENCE

If you have trouble reading Puzzle Pete's sentence about Vatican City, try starting at the end and reading backward: 1939, 2, March XI, Pius Pope to succession in Pope Pius XII. Pius (Pope Facelli Eugene).

CROSSWORD

Puzzle Pete had Cartoonist Cal put his crossword puzzle on the althoofie of Pope Pius XIII.



ACROSS

- 1 Vatican
- 2 Grant Lake
- 3 Kite part
- 4 Groups of matched pieces

DOWN

- 1 U.S. coins
- 2 Internal Revenue (abbr.)
- 3 Musical note
- 4 Shouts in girl's nickname
- 5 Army engineer (abbr.)
- 6 That thing

HOW MANY WORDS?

How many three-letter words can you make of the word VATICAN? Puzzle Pete finds twelve, but ten is very good.

DIAMOND

The LATERN is a part of the Slate of Vatican City, and Puzzle Pete uses it as the centre of his word diamond. The second word is "a chart" third "companions" fifth "hazards" and sixth "a girl's nickname". Can you finish the diamond?

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(Solutions on Page 20)

My Big Tip!

RAE JOHNSTONE, in this tough, frank story of his life on and off the racetracks, today gives a remarkable close-up of the Aga Khan and his son. It was in 1946—the year after the war ended—that Johnstone renewed his acquaintance with Aly Khan....

AND THEN
ALY KHAN SAYS:
YOU MADE
US BUY THE
WRONG HORSE



MY LOVE... WITH ME UP AND ALY KHAN ALONGSIDE.

ALY KHAN turned up in uniform at Longchamp. After we had discussed prospects for the season which was now developing into the early classics stage, Aly, who likes a bet, said: "Do you know a winner today?"

I had no more rides myself that afternoon, but I thought there was one with a chance in a later race. He was a long-legged, light-boned, leggy sort, who struck me as requiring to be ridden for a short, late run.

"There's one in the last called Hadji," I told Aly. "That could win if the jock holds him up." Crowds of friends were beseeching Aly to say hello as he hadn't been around for a while. He missed the name. "What's he called, Rae?" I repeated it and walked over to the stand to watch the next.

A mug
"You'd better go and get dressed," said Aly 40 minutes after our discussion. "What for? I'm not riding," I replied.

"You are," he said. "I've bought that horse you told me about, Hadji."

Trust Aly, who never misses a trick, to act fast. But what a mug I was going to look if

Hadji, held up, did not collaborate in any idea of the way he should be ridden. I waited and waited, watching between Hadji's top-ears for what I hoped to be the right moment; challenged and got up to win a short neck at the line.

As usual, Aly was down from his box and out on the course before I came in the gate. Delighted, needless to say, and the formula was repeated twice more when I won a short head on him at St Cloud on May 27 (as at Longchamp he was again just over 4-1) and over the same course by a head on June 10.

By this time Hadji had nosed his way up in the handicap so Aly said him.

Early in May, 1947, Aly rang me to say that he wanted to buy a "maiden" to take over to England and win a bet on. What did I know about a colt by Victor out of Minnewaska named Avenger?

"He's had a hard race," I told Aly, "but if he hasn't gone over the top he'd be all right."

Aly bought him, engaged him in England and asked me to ride him at Longchamp on June 15 to see what I thought of his chances in a "maiden."

Avenger ran an extremely respectable race behind Djelal. "He's better than a 'maiden', that's for sure," I told Aly afterwards. And if I had not been impressed with Avenger, I should have ridden the winner

of the Grand Prix, second most valuable prize of the French season, a fortnight later. For Aly promptly decided to let his new purchase take his chance in the big race in which I was looked for to flourish.

Charlie Smirke came over to ride Avenger and won a length and a half from me on Tournaient.

And so to the story of the Aga Khan, Aly Khan, and a horse called My Love.

[Johnstone rode this horse to victory in France's Prix Hocquart.]

"You ought to get your father to buy this one," I told Prince Aly.

"Well, Rae," said the Aga, "you had better tell me the owner what you think about him too. For M. Volterra is down here with me."

I told M. Volterra that I thought he had a really good horse. One who could—provided the ground was not too hard—go very well in the English Derby.

A little later Aly negotiated a deal and bought a half-share in My Love for his father.

A little later still, Aly drove to Chantilly to watch a pre-Epsom Derby gallop involving My Love and his stable companion Royal Drake.

The outcome of that gallop was that Royal Drake, ridden by "Jackie" Donaghy, beat my mount. My Love, by a length and Aly's comment was "You've made us buy the wrong horse!"

I insisted that mine was better on a racetrack and firmly believed this.

As the day drew nearer, the Aga Khan's health deteriorated and it was feared that he might not be well enough to go to Epsom. But, happily, in the end, he felt strong enough to make the trip and watch from his box without coming down to the paddock.

Sun shone
Rain had oiled the ground a lot, but on the day—June 5, 1946—the sun shone brightly. There seemed to be even bigger crowds than usual. The King and Queen were present and Princess Elizabeth and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Princess Royal.

"One of them is out of the way, Rae," announced a newspaper boy, giving the news of Solar Slipper's scratching, as I arrived.

The usual atmosphere of tension—concealing—was affected in the weighing-room where Gordon Richards, still seeking his first Derby win-

ness when the food he loved was forbidden and he would almost prefer to discuss food with me than horses.

That evening after My Love's success I rang the South of France to the Chateau de L'Horizon and asked to speak to his Highness.

Half-share
I told him all about the horse; that Aly had also been greatly impressed by him—in case I had not been in touch with him yet—and that I thought he really ought to buy him.

"Well, Rae," said the Aga, "you had better tell me the owner what you think about him too. For M. Volterra is down here with me."

I told M. Volterra that I thought he had a really good horse. One who could—provided the ground was not too hard—go very well in the English Derby.

A little later Aly negotiated a deal and bought a half-share in My Love for his father.

My Love... WITH ME UP AND ALY KHAN ALONGSIDE.

MY FRIEND
—the Aga Khan

HE was one of the most "complete" and thoroughly lovable (I can find no better way to express myself) men that it has been my pleasure to meet.

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins

FERD'NAND

By Milk

AUSTIN!

THE CAR
for your
HOME LEAVE

METRO CARS (H.K.) LTD.

quick
delivery!

AIR CARGO BY
SWISSAIR

THE RAE JOHNSTONE STORY: CHAPTER FOUR

THE RAE JOHNSTONE STORY WILL BE PUBLISHED LATER THIS YEAR BY STANLEY PAUL AND CO. LTD.

Agdal), he left the course before, saying he wanted to see us all back at the hotel after racing.

Back at the Ritz his Highness was already in bed. He congratulated us all individually, talked over all aspects of the race, as usual making each of us feel like an equal.

Between father and son there was deep mutual affection, and Aly, sensing that the Aga was very tired, suggested that we should leave him to rest.

We filed out of the room and as we did so the Aga called me back as I reached the door. Thinking, no doubt of the part I had played in him becoming the part-owner of the horse who had carried his colours, "Thank you, Rae," he said, "thank you."

NEXT WEEK:
A gamble failed by the chance in a million...

Big block

I didn't want to push my fellow early and Charlie Smirke was riding My Babu to get the trip—also in the rear. So that by the time we got to the top of the hill there was a traffic block ahead.

Beginning the descent Charlie began to ease to the "outer" to go round them. I remember thinking "that is going to be a long route" and simultaneously moving to the fence and changing it.

I was not much nearer than 15th at the corner, but those ahead were slightly grouped not more than eight lengths off and My Love was enjoying himself.

My Babu had been in quite a bit of buffeting and the fire went out of him soon after he had got within striking distance of the leader Royal Drake.

The strain

It was seeing the latter out front that now gave me extra confidence. I was sure my fellow would "do" him for a final burst. He did, in fact, take a fraction longer to get to him than I expected, so that for a moment I went cold inside. But having collared him, he quickly and there was nothing between us and the line but grass. It was my happiest-ever sensation aboard a horse.

The strain and excitement had been almost too much for the Aga Khan and although he had a two-year-old runner in the next, the Lonsdale Produce Stakes (which he won with El

ROUND UP

NATIONAL "SOARING WEEK"

THE Royal Air Force has entered a team of five for the first National Soaring Week from July 26 to August 5. This is the strongest team the R.A.F. has had in any competition at home or abroad since it competed in the world gliding championships in 1950, and the British National Championships of last year. The week, organised by the British Gliding Association, is being held in three regional sections. The R.A.F. team, at Dunstable Downs, Bedfordshire, will include Sergeant Andrew Gough, who earlier this year set up a new British national distance record of 348 miles during the R.A.F. gliding contests. In the western section at Nymphenburg, Gloucestershire, will be Britain's Number One glider pilot, Commander Nicholas Goodhart, who gained second place in the open class of the world gliding championships in Poland last month. In the Scottish region contest at Portmank, East Kilbride, competitors include Philip Wills, a former world and British champion. More than 70 pilots have entered for the contests.

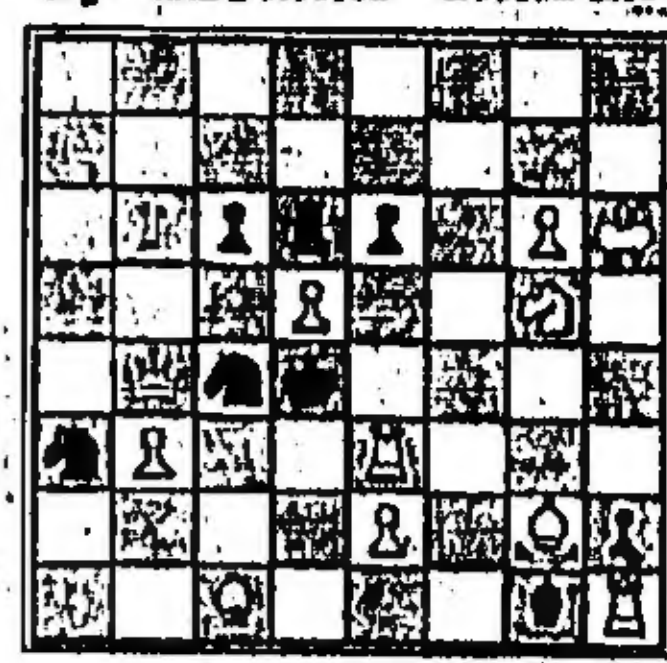
TARGET

T I E
P D A
U T L

How many words of four letters can you make from the letters in the word TARGET? The letters are: T, A, R, G, E, T. You must use each letter at least once. No letters may be repeated. The word TARGET is not allowed. The word TARGET is not allowed. The word TARGET is not allowed.

CHESS

By LEONARD BARDEN



Here is a problem by E. Boswell (Falkirk Herald, 1958). White to play and mate in two moves.
Solution No. 5441: 1 B-B2, 2 R-B3 ch, 3 R-R3, 4 R-R3 ch, 5 R-R3, 6 R-R3, 7 R-R3, 8 R-R3, 9 R-R3, 10 R-R3, 11 R-R3, 12 R-R3, 13 R-R3, 14 R-R3, 15 R-R3, 16 R-R3, 17 R-R3, 18 R-R3, 19 R-R3, 20 R-R3, 21 R-R3, 22 R-R3, 23 R-R3, 24 R-R3, 25 R-R3, 26 R-R3, 27 R-R3, 28 R-R3, 29 R-R3, 30 R-R3, 31 R-R3, 32 R-R3, 33 R-R3, 34 R-R3, 35 R-R3, 36 R-R3, 37 R-R3, 38 R-R3, 39 R-R3, 40 R-R3, 41 R-R3, 42 R-R3, 43 R-R3, 44 R-R3, 45 R-R3, 46 R-R3, 47 R-R3, 48 R-R3, 49 R-R3, 50 R-R3, 51 R-R3, 52 R-R3, 53 R-R3, 54 R-R3, 55 R-R3, 56 R-R3, 57 R-R3, 58 R-R3, 59 R-R3, 60 R-R3, 61 R-R3, 62 R-R3, 63 R-R3, 64 R-R3, 65 R-R3, 66 R-R3, 67 R-R3, 68 R-R3, 69 R-R3, 70 R-R3, 71 R-R3, 72 R-R3, 73 R-R3, 74 R-R3, 75 R-R3, 76 R-R3, 77 R-R3, 78 R-R3, 79 R-R3, 80 R-R3, 81 R-R3, 82 R-R3, 83 R-R3, 84 R-R3, 85 R-R3, 86 R-R3, 87 R-R3, 88 R-R3, 89 R-R3, 90 R-R3, 91 R-R3, 92 R-R3, 93 R-R3, 94 R-R3, 95 R-R3, 96 R-R3, 97 R-R3, 98 R-R3, 99 R-R3, 100 R-R3, 101 R-R3, 102 R-R3, 103 R-R3, 104 R-R3, 105 R-R3, 106 R-R3, 107 R-R3, 108 R-R3, 109 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style—a trim, thin line to
circle your slacks in color.
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robe today!"



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MEDICAL SUPPLIES FOR EMPIRE GAMES

Evans Medical have provided the medical supplies for the British Empire and Commonwealth Games, which are taking place at Cardiff from 18th to 26th July.

The drugs and medicines have been distributed to 10 separate centres at the Games, including the main Medical Inspection Room and Physiotherapy Centre at the Empire Village at ST. ATHANS aerodrome.

These medical supplies will be available to over 1,000 athletes from 37 countries who are competing in the Games.

Agents: HARRY WICKING & CO., LTD.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Which batsman has scored five centuries in successive Test innings?
2. Which country has scored the most runs in the Canada Cup Golf tournament?
3. Which sport was once called "Jeu de Paume"?
4. Who was the last non-American to hold the world heavyweight boxing title?
5. Which was the only world heavyweight title fight to be officially declared a draw?
6. Who was the first Wimbledon men's singles champion to turn professional?
7. Only two left-handers have ever won the Wimbledon men's singles title. Name one of them.
8. The last series of America's Cup yacht races was held in 1937. Name one of the two yachts which took part.
9. With what sports do you associate (a) the Marquess of Queensbury, (b) the Marquess of Exeter (formerly Lord Burghley)?
10. "Born 1914... son of Sicilian fisherman... purchased by New York Yankees for 25,000 dollars... selected as the American League's most valuable player... former husband of Marilyn Monroe." What's the name?

THAT ELUSIVE FIFTH WIN

Here is something for the lawn bowls records.
Edward Jones has won the singles championship of Wales four times. Percy Baker has done the same in England; so has J. Irving in Scotland, G. W. Cooper in Ireland, Glyn Bosisto in Australia and Sylvia Dyne in South Africa (on-the-women's side).

Nobody among the national champions has yet set up a record of five wins, except the late U. M. Omar of Hongkong who won the Colony singles title in 1923, 1931, 1937, 1939 and 1949.

Missing—A \$535 Golf Putter

A golf putter in gold with a 1,500-dollar (\$535) diamond set into its head has been reported missing in New Orleans. It was left in a cocktail lounge by golf professional Floyd Rood, president of the National Youth Foundation, who had the putter made as a gift for President Eisenhower.

Sports Diary

TODAY
LRC Swimming Gala for Junior members, 3.45 P.M.
1st Division: CCC v KBC, KBC v KCC, KCC v KBC, KBC v CCC.
2nd Division: FC v KBC, KBC v KCC, KCC v KBC, KBC v FC.
Ladies League: 1st Division: KBC v KCC, KCC v CCC, CCC v KBC.
2nd Division: FC v KBC, KCC v KBC, KBC v FC.

SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



Concluding Our Wimbledon Series Drama Of The Centre Court THE FALL OF THE GREAT BILL TILDEN

The Centre Court scoreboard reads: 6-2, 6-4, 5-1. Reporters were finishing their accounts of the match. Spectators were filtering out towards the tea rooms. The 1927 Wimbledon men's singles semi-final seemed almost over.

In fact, the battle was just beginning. The winning shot, apparently so close at hand, was not delivered until one hour later—after 25 more games of thrills and suspense.

For this was the most remarkable match ever played on the famous Centre Court. In eighty-one years of Wimbledon Championships no tennis duel has provided such rich entertainment in terms of drama and classic stroke-play.

Two Of Greatest

But then this was a clash between two of the greatest players of all time: 26-year-old Henri Cochet of Lyons, France, and 34-year-old William Tilden of Philadelphia, U.S.A. Tilden, over 6ft. tall and always known as "Big Bill", became the first American to win Wimbledon in 1920. He retained the title in 1921 and he was a member of the American team which won the Davis Cup from 1920-26.

But now the tide seemed to be turning. France's "Four Musketeers"—Borotra, Brugnon, Cochet and Lacoste—had dominated the Wimbledon Championships for the past three years. And they threatened to break the Americans' seven-year monopoly of the Davis Cup.

Against Lacoste in the 1926 Davis Cup challenge round, Tilden suffered his first major defeat at singles for six years. In the American Championships of that year he was knocked out of the quarter-finals by Cochet.

At last "Big Bill" Tilden faced a serious challenge. So, in 1927, the lanky Philadelphian invaded Europe to avenge his defeats and restore his prestige.

In the French Championships he trounced Cochet in the semi-final—9-7, 6-3, 6-2. In the final, after gaining match points, he went down—4-6, 6-4, 7-5, 3-6, 9-11 to Lacoste.

Such was the background to 1927 Wimbledon. It ensured that the Centre Court would be packed on semi-finals days for the reappearance of "The Terrible", the world champion for the past seven years.

Could he now resist the powerful challenge of the "Musketeers"? Or was he, at 34 too old to make a successful comeback in Wimbledon after an absence of six years?

The answers seemed obvious before the semi-final was one hour old. It was still "The Terrible", the lanky and con-

scient giant who could blast his opponent off court with cannonball services and sizzling ground strokes.

The American played overwhelming tennis to take the first two sets 6-2, 6-4. And the third set developed into a laughter as, with ace and chalk-raising drives, he made the accomplished Cochet look like a helpless novice.

Cochet was famous for staging come-backs. He made a habit of extricating himself from seemingly impossible situations. But Tilden now led by two sets and 5-1.

Only a superman could live on court with the American in such devastating form. His first service, travelling at an estimated 124 m.p.h., rarely failed. His ground strokes were placed with micrometer precision.

Amazing Reversal
Then came an amazing reversal. Tilden began making errors while Cochet stormed back in the eleventh hour with vicious drives and volleys to win point after point, game after game.

Seventeen successive points went to the little Frenchman to make it four-1-6 to take the third set 7-5, and he drew ahead 4-2 in the fourth.

Tilden freshened himself by pouring jugs of water over his head and then fought back to make it four-all. But he could not stop Cochet whose confidence and forcefulness seemed to increase with every stroke.

Tilden lost that set 4-6. In the fifth and final set, the American pressed hard to gain a 3-2 lead. But he did not win another game.

Tilden, who possessed three kinds of services and a variety of forehand and backhand styles, went through his full repertoire to find the answer to Cochet. He could find nothing.

While the American tried out his five-finger exercise, the Frenchman went through a complete tennis concerto.

Cochet, playing with typical nonchalance, had become the maestro. Looking much the fitter man, he attacked Tilden's service thunderbolts and became the first opponent to stem the American's attack from the net.

He took the set—and match—6-3.

The seamy semi-final ended with "The Terrible" lying on the ground after a desperate, fruitless drive to retrieve a cross-court drive. The American's domination of world tennis had come to an end.

What happened to Tilden? Why did he fall so suddenly after coming within three points of victory?

The tennis mystery has never really been solved. Perhaps he relaxed his grip through over-confidence, a fatal thing to do against a man like Cochet. Perhaps he was not fit enough to last the pace. Perhaps he was put out of his stride by the way Cochet stood right into his service to take an early ball.

After the match Tilden said that Cochet deserved the highest praise. But he claimed that he had lost the match rather than that Cochet had won it.

A Worthy Champion
Two days later, Cochet proved himself a worthy champion when he won the final in the same way. After trailing by two sets and being 2-5 down in the final set, he saved six match points to beat Jean Borotra, the man who had knocked him out in the Wimbledon semi-finals of 1925 and 1926.

Thus the Frenchman maintained their stranglehold on the Wimbledon title. They went on to win the Davis Cup from the Americans and to hold it for the next six years.

After the sensational 1927 Championships many experts believed that Tilden was too old to win the title again; his failures in the 1928 and 1929 Wimbledon tournaments supported this belief. Yet in 1930 he astonished the tennis world by winning the title for the third time—at the age of 37.

Today William Tilden is generally recognised as the greatest player of all time. He was seven times American champion. He played in every Davis Cup challenge round between 1920 and 1930. He was the United States No. 1 for ten years.

In the words of H. W. "Bunny" Austin: "He was equipped with a wider range of strokes than any other player. He had a shot for every emergency, a reply to every attack launched against him."

Makes A Fortune
"Big Bill" was a man of many talents—author, playwright, producer and actor. He was also a bridge and film star, and, strangely a chain-smoker.

He made a fortune as the first Wimbledon champion to turn professional and he went on playing until he was 58. He died two years later in 1938.

Henri Cochet, who won the Wimbledon title again in 1929, is now a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and at 59, still a brilliant tennis player.

He has taken his place in Wimbledon history as an all-court genius and as the man who would never give up. For in 1927 he twice proved the wisdom of the saying that a match is never lost until it is won.

Our Lawn Bowlers Have Done Us Proud At Cardiff

By I. M. MACTAVISH

The Hongkong Lawn Bowls Association has already been well rewarded for its enterprise in sending a full team to the Empire and Commonwealth Games at Cardiff.

Our bowlers have done the Colony proud and they have surely repaid everyone who worked so hard to make their journey possible. In each of the three competitions our representatives have won without arrogance or have lost gracefully and there is not the slightest doubt that they have established themselves as competent players and fine sportsmen.

The team has scored several spectacular victories against the powerful representative sides of big countries and the showings of Eric Liddell in the Singles and of Raoul Luz and his colleagues in the Rinks have placed Hongkong's name indelibly in the minds of bowlers the world over.

When one considers the contrast in circumstances between the potential strengths of the various competing nations the real value of our achievements can be pretty accurately appreciated.

It has been most interesting to read the different reports from the news agencies who have been covering the bowls section of the Games on a world-wide basis.

There has not been a single adverse word in any report of our matches and whatever the final placings in the various competitions may be it is to be hoped that when the bowlers return to the Colony the sporting community in general, and the lawn bowls fraternity in particular, will rally round and give them the sort of welcome their grand efforts deserve.

Not So Well

If winning medals is a criterion our bowlers have not done very well but few will deny that our younger representatives have gained invaluable experience by crossing swords with the best exponent of their art in the length and breadth of the Commonwealth.

It has long been said that participation in events of this kind is more important than winning. The fact is that the modern truth is cradled somewhere between these two factors. I'm sure it was right for our bowlers to compete.

They represent a body of men and women—who are bringing with enthusiasm for their sport and who go about their affairs with an effervescent freshness that is good to see.

The Fencing Association has been fortunate in having a succession of natural leaders each imbued with the conviction that there is no other sport quite as wonderful as the old fashioned art of thrust and parry. The Breviers and the Williams and their like have communicated their spirit to those who have followed them in office and, in spite of changing faces, the grand old sport has gone from strength to strength with a most healthy interest being stimulated among the younger Chinese sportsmen.

The international competition which they have encountered at Cardiff will surely have done much to give them not only an accurate evaluation of their present standard but also a clear indication of what they must do in the years ahead if they are to compete against world class swordsmen with a fair chance of success.

Mixed Feelings

One can only hope that these young blades will now come home fired with the determination to put into practice the lessons they have learned in Wales. If they can do that, and if they can also impart something of their experiences to their colleagues in the sport, then their long journey will not have been wasted.

There are very mixed feelings in the Colony regarding the decision to include young Kennedy-Skipper in the official team. One side says it was worth it for the experience this

youngster would surely gain while others think that he was so far out of Empire Games class that it was not in the best interests of Hongkong—or himself—that he should carry the Colony colours.

That is all a matter of opinion or attitude and is really something for the HKFAA to decide. But, from a purely impartial viewpoint, it has to be admitted that on the surface at least it is difficult to see what benefit has been gained from his participation at Cardiff.

My article last week about the accusations which have been levelled against one of the Colony representatives in the recent Asian Games in Tokyo set a few sporting cats among many sporting pidgeons.

For the benefit of the guessers let me say quite categorically that the person concerned is not a footballer and neither is he a football official. That should allow a few arguments to be settled although those who have been chipping in with the information that all was not well in the Hongkong football camp during the visit to Japan are right in assuming that the HKFA has also had certain aspects of the tour under official examination.

Not The Situation
That was not, however, the situation to which I referred in my article. I understand my revelation has stimulated certain officials into the realisation that a public statement would be in the best interest of both the individual and the association concerned. For that reason alone it was well worth the time spent in writing it.

Simple situations have a bad habit of becoming complicated and distorted when they are wrapped in a shroud of secrecy and the sooner the present unsavoury matter is cleared up, and the public is taken into the confidence of those who are sitting in judgment, the better it will be for all concerned.

Quite apart from the fact that the proceeds of its sale will benefit the dependants of the Munich tragedy it would have been wrong—terribly wrong—to have denied the football public the opportunity of reading this humble story by a great sportsman. There could have been no more fitting memorial to Duncan Edwards than the honesty of purpose which he could not conceal in this expression of his gratitude for all the pleasure he found in the simple pursuit of trying to play football just a little better than the next man.

If you are a collector of books on sport, or if you are just one of those people who like reading a bubbling bouncing book that is as light and as satisfying as the finest puff pastry, then put hold up "Tackle Soccer This Way" by the late Duncan Edwards. Once you start it you won't put it down until you finish the last chapter. It's that kind of a book.

"TACKLE SOCCER THIS WAY" BY DUNCAN EDWARDS IS PUBLISHED BY STANLEY PAUL OF LONDON (AT 10/6d.)

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OFFERED 240,000 TO ONE ODDS TO SWIM CHANNEL

By DEREK JOHN

Lumberjack Bert Thomas, of Portland, Oregon, has been offered \$1,000 if he swims the English Channel both ways—non-stop. But he says the offer is an insult.

For the British "Holiday Camp" King, Billy Butlin, has wagered £1,000 to a penny that Thomas can't make it. And those attractive odds—240,000 to one—have made the American swimmer hopping mad.

Says Thomas: "I haven't come all the way from Oregon to be insulted like this. If Butlin wants to talk real money—say odds of only 100,000 to one—we'll take him on."

"We" means Thomas and his wife, Marion, who has accompanied him to Britain as his trainer. She is not a strong swimmer, but she looks after his special diet

and paces him in a boat on his practice swims.

Bert Thomas, 20st., 6ft. 11in., and 32 years old, says he has swum distances of more than 40 miles on six occasions.

If he accepts Butlin's wager I reckon he will lose his penny.

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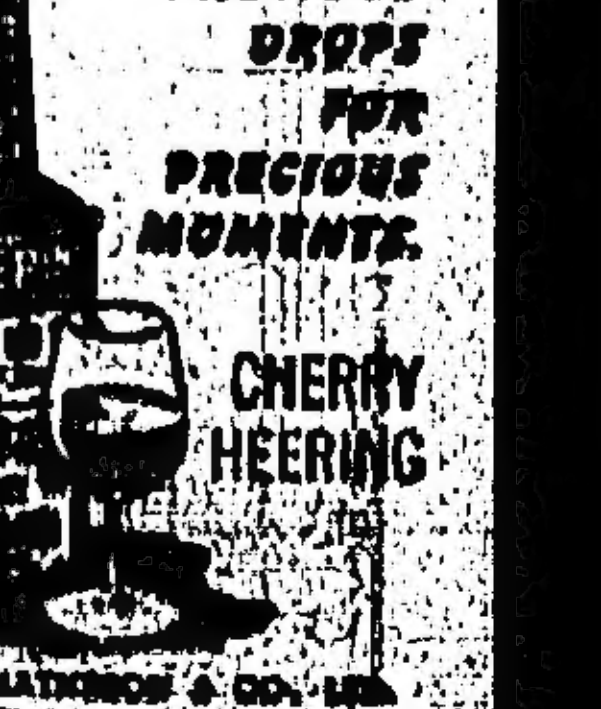
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THESE ARE THE LESSONS FROM THE TEST SERIES

New Zealand Cricket Needs A Complete Overhaul

By PETER DITTON

Great talking point throughout the length and breadth of England has been the succession of overwhelming defeats inflicted on New Zealand in the Tests.

Frankly some of the criticism has been severe to the point of being brutal; some has been sympathetic and some distinctly patronising.

One critic goes so far as to ask: should this England "murder plan" continue, and ranges himself on the side of the many in suggesting that weaker teams—or even England "B" teams—should be placed at the disposal of Peter May in the remaining Tests.

Our popular daily paper, not unknown to slip off the beam occasionally, commented after the Huddersfield debacle "three cheers that every sportsman in Britain wants to join in—three cheers for the gallant New Zealand cricket team.... they get knocked about a bit but do they lose heart. Not for a moment! Theirs is the gay indomitable spirit that deserves victory and one year they will surely win it."

Sheer Nonsense

Frankly I find it difficult to draw the line between outspoken criticism and constructive thought but for anyone to suggest that New Zealand have stepped up in public admiration as a result of touching rock bottom in the Tests is just sheer nonsense.

It is a traditional British trait to stand shoulder to shoulder with the underdog—but this present series of Tests have been so utterly one-sided that the truth is that Mr. Public is withholding his support both morally and actually.

Even if the tour is not a complete flop financially it now seems pretty certain there is not going to be much in the "kitty" to enable the New Zealand cricket authorities to start rebuilding for the future. That in itself is a tragedy.

The fact that John Reid and his men have put up creditable performances against most of the counties does nothing to offset their Test failures, for the English public simply do not crowd at the barnstorms to see cricket at county level.

I would go so far as to say that few games against the counties have yielded a worth while profit to New Zealand.

Only Hope

Their only hope of making the tour a bumping success was by putting up some sort of a show in the Tests, and they haven't had what it takes as a team to do so. At Edgbaston and Lord's the gates were reasonably good—though far short of what the Australians, South Africans and West Indians would have drawn—but at Trent Bridge the advance bookings were only £3,500 compared with the £19,000 odd collected here last year. And with bad weather thrown in the turnstile takings were less than half of what they were expected to be.

All this must make melancholy reading from a New Zealand point of view and no one wishes more than I do

that it could be otherwise. But to attempt to gild the lily and work out right in the end would be misleading as well as purposeless.

The fact is that the New Zealand cricket authorities are faced with a stupendous task if they are to make future tours of England worth undertaking. First step in that direction must be to do the hard ground work which will ensure that better players are produced.

It's idle to suggest that's impossible as New Zealand have the material of which first class cricketers are made. Surely the boys of New Zealand have the same inherent love for the game as they have in Australia and elsewhere.

What Kiwis Lack

What New Zealand quite patently lacks is the organisation to spot, coach and develop its cricket resources and until that fact sinks in and the position is rectified there is no hope for the future.

The ghastly batting record of the team in the three Tests so far played prove to the hilt the argument. Only three players, D'Arcy, MacGibbon and Miller, have a double figure average—18, 13 and 10 respectively.

What possible chance can any team have in such circumstances even if they have a battery of world beating bowlers. One can only feel sorry for chaps like MacGibbon, Hayes, Cave and Blair who have bowled their hearts out—MacGibbon even given New Zealand the initiative at occasions—to see their grand efforts count for so little.

I am convinced I do not exaggerate in suggesting that a single New Zealand batsman would get into a leading position in the English county side and the only chance any would have of getting on a county staff would be on promise and potential, not on performance.

Coaching Needed

D'Arcy, for instance, has made a lot of friends and admirers because of his grit and determination. Sparling, nicknamed "The Spunk", and Playle, who held up the England attack for round about three hours at Leeds, also won many bouquets. But what did it really add up to?

None of these youngsters has any scoring strokes at his command. Neither are they likely to acquire them until

they are taken in hand by a competent coach.

No doubt they have picked up a wrinkle or two in the art of batsmanship watching such great players as Peter May and Colin Cowdrey but if they are to develop such ability as they themselves possess—and become as good as they should be—they simply must have the benefit of the best coaching obtainable. And the opportunity of this rests not so much in their own hands as in those of the powers that be in New Zealand.

There isn't doubt that by the time the tour ends New Zealand cricket followers can expect, and will see, a big improvement in the batting ability of D'Arcy, Sparling and Playle but it seems youngsters are to make real progress—not merely stand still or go back—they must be taken in hand now.

It's a tragedy that from the Test point of view that players like Reid and Sutcliffe have been dead out of form.

Any success New Zealand could possibly have hoped for rested almost exclusively on their broad shoulders. Good scores from them would have given the younger members of the side at least a chance of getting among the runs. As Reid and Co. could do no more than "dig in" and put up the shutters. In particular Sparling and Playle did it competently at Leeds but it got New Zealand nowhere and from spectators' point of view provided sheer boredom.

Lesson From Tests

Yet I do not subscribe to the view that England should rest some of her leading batsmen and bowlers in the two remaining Tests. I'm sure it would be quite purposeless from the point of view of making them more of a contrast and less of a rout. Almost any team worthy of the name England would win easily.

No the lesson of the Tests is quite clear. New Zealand must put their house in order. They have got to be prepared to reorganise on a big scale. It will mean hard work, unending patience, and perhaps much disappointment finding, discarding, and searching again, for the right type of player—the type ready to dedicate their lives to the game. The only alternative to this I fear is for New Zealand to remain what she is—a second rate if not a third rate cricket power.

Week-End Lawn Bowls INDIAN RECREATION CLUB IN TWO CRUCIAL GAMES THIS AFTERNOON

By ROBERT TAY

The Colony Lawn Bowls League enters an interesting stage this afternoon when at least two crucial matches will be played off.

One is the first division encounter at Sookunpoo between Indian Recreation Club and Recreo "A" and the other is the return Second Division clash at King's Park between Filipino Club "B" and Indian Recreation Club.

For both the Indians and Recreo "A" their game against each other this afternoon will in my opinion decide who will be the winners of the First Division League title.

Most Favourably Placed

At the moment the Portuguese Club are at the top of the table with 37 points in 10 games, but the Indians with 32 points in nine outings are the most favourably placed team in many aspects.

They have lost only one player on account of the Empire Games but that loss has been shown to be almost negligible in their last few matches. Recreo on the other hand seemed to have been tremendously affected by the absence of A. P. Pereira and Raul Laz.

It is, however, in another aspect that the Indians hold a decisive advantage and that is in the nature of opposition they have to face in their remaining matches. The following gives an interesting comparison of the remaining oppositions of the four top First Division teams: Recreo "A", CCC "A" (away), KCC (home), KGC (home), CCC "B" (away) and KDC (home).

INC: KDC (home), TC (away), KGC (away), Rec "B" (home), CCC "A" (away) and CCC "B" (home).

CCC "A": KGC (away), Rec "A" (home), KDC (away), KCC (away) and IRC (home). KCC: CCC "B" (home), Rec "A" (away), CCC "A" (home), TC (away) and Rec "B" (home).

A victory for the Indian Recreation Club this afternoon even by a 4-1 margin will bring them practically at the doorstep of the League championship. With due respect to the other teams, it must be said that the Indians will have them to contend in their remaining matches with only Craigengower "A" whom they have previously beaten by 6-0.

Tricky Green

Recreo "A", however, are not in such a happy position. Even if they do win this afternoon's match they still have CCC "A" and KCC to reckon with, although their chances will undoubtedly be enhanced to those of favourites.

On present form and the fact that the match will be played on the tricky IRC green, the Indians are strongly favoured to win this afternoon's game and thus avenge their first round 4-1 defeat of two months ago. A 4-1 and even a 5-0 result is not unlikely.

In the other First Division matches this afternoon, surprises may not be lacking. At Hungahom, Kowloon Dock Club take on Kowloon Cricket Club and after their shock defeat last week at the hands of Kowloon Bowling Green Club, the cricketers may do well to be on the lookout this afternoon. The dockmen have gained for themselves quite a reputation when it comes to playing on their home green and with Willy Davidson's four well among the points in the Dock's last few matches, they can be expected to put up another gallant fight despite the odds of a 4-1 defeat against them.

What has been said about Kowloon Dock applies also to "unlucky" Taikeo Dock. In their last match against Craigengower "A" at the Valley they lost by a solitary shot on the aggregate and on the last wood. Jimmy Baxter had a possible three or four within his reach on the last wood and just failed to make it.

Today they will be meeting the Valley Club twelve on their own green, which has proved to be rather difficult for most visiting teams and unless Craigengower can master the green early, an upset is not unlikely, despite the fact that on ordinary form the visitors should take at least four points from this match.

Not Without Interest

Not without interest is the remaining First Division match between the two bottom-placed teams, Kowloon Bowling Green Club and CCC "B". Both are now involved in a struggle for survival in the First Division. After their brilliant win over KCC a fortnight ago, the Bowling Club twelve should be able this afternoon to alleviate their fears of relegation with a 4-1 win.

Top billing in the second division games goes automatically to the match between FC "B" and Indian Recreation Club. The Filipinos have 4½ points in 11 matches and the Indians 3½.

In their last encounter an overwhelming 38-0 win by J. S. Curran's four over Sherry Buckle four enabled the Filipino Club to kick out their opponents by 3-2.

The Indian twelve have on the whole a better balanced team and provided they do not get lost on the under-sized King's Park green, should come back with four points, and at the same time take the lead in the second division League table.

Recreo, HKPSA and HKFC are expected to get through their games this afternoon but Hongkong Cricket Club and FC "A" may have to fight it out for the points. With unbeaten top team USRC enjoying a bye this

For Bitterness, Greatness And Gore THE MULLOY-NEWMAN WELTERWEIGHT FIGHT GETS MY AWARD

Says ARCHIE QUICK

There have been some gory fights in boxing's history. Most recent was the blood bath between Jack Gardner and Johnny Williams at Leicester; it ruined both of them.

Likewise there have been some great welterweight champions—Johnny Basham, Johnny Summers, Kid Lewis, Jack Hood, Ernie Roderick. At times there was rancour between them.

But for a combination of the three things, bitterness, greatness and gore the latest welterweight championship fight between Liverpool's Tommy Molloy and London's Jimmy Newman at Streatham Ice Rink gets my award until the next one comes along.

Most of the excitement was engendered by Newman's manager, Al Phillips, always to be remembered as the Aldgate Tiger in his fighting days of a decade ago. He was spitting venom from his principal's corner as he complained of Molloy's use of his head, and his frame of mind communicated itself to the boxers.

Blood All Over

It was a bruising maul with blood all over the place, cut eyes and battling to the extreme pitch of utter exhaustion by the two men each of whom so badly needed the prized crown.

Molloy's extra strength enabled him to rally himself to a points victory, and the title went back to Merseyside, although I would not assess the hard-fighting Tommy as the equal of his illustrious Liverpool predecessor, Ernie Roderick. As the great Len Harvey said to me afterwards: "Just a hard workman. Not in the same class as my old opponent Jack Hood."

Nevertheless, Molloy is undefeated in thirty fights as a professional, and, after all, Newman had had the experience of campaigning in Australia. Regarding Al Phillips' outcries, star referee Eugene Henderson said to me later: "Molloy did use his head once, and I warned him. It did no damage and he did not infringe again. Newman's eye was cut by a blow."

Next Champion

What was good to see was Paddington Terry Downes' three-round defeat of Frenchman Constant Alcantara. Here is the next British middleweight champion and a good one. Terry Spinks was not so convincing in victory, but the amazing Bobby Neill in his second "come-back", won again. He refuses to be deterred by two serious motor smashes.

It is just an idea, but what a good thing for new champion Molloy's future welfare if he put himself in the hands of wise old Ernie Roderick to learn the finer arts of his trade. The material is there, but the tools are needed to mould and finish the job. Not so Downes. He needs no tuition in his crash-bang dash to fame and fortune. He believes the punch, rather than skill, is the short cut to success.

Answers To Sports Quiz

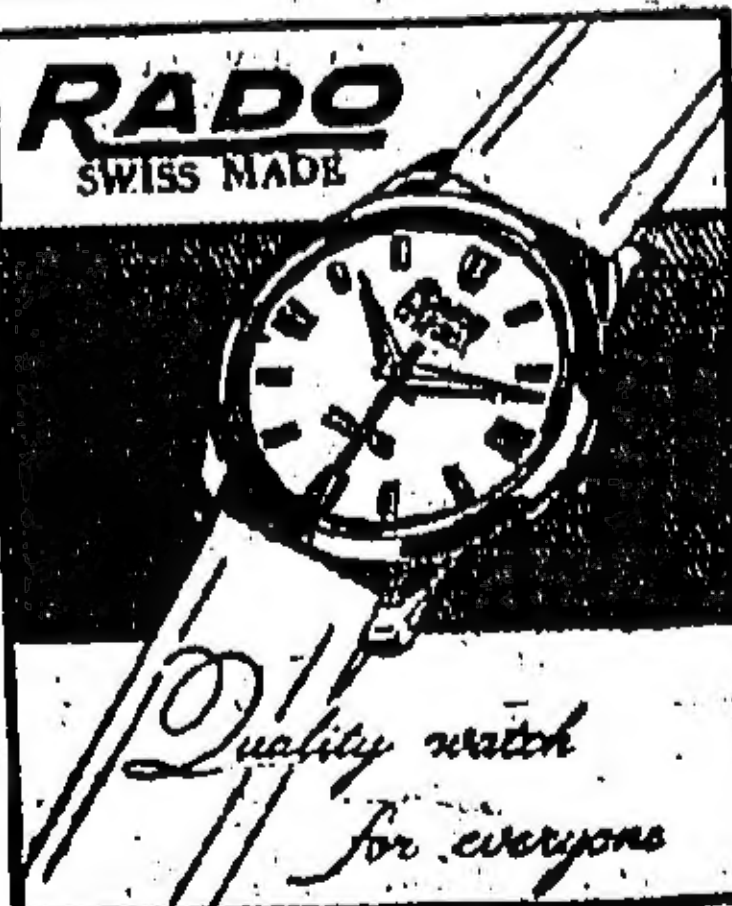
1. Everton Weekends.
2. United States (winners in 1953 and 1956).
3. Tennis.
4. Primo Camera of Italy.
5. The little fight between Tommy Burns and Phil Jack O'Brien in 1906.
6. Bill Tilden.
7. Sir Norman Brookes (1907 and 1914), Jaroslav Drobný (1954).
8. Ranger and Endeavour II.
9. (a) Boxing, (b) Hurdling.
10. Joe Dimaggio.

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SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1958

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AUSTRALIA'S TERRIFIC CHALLENGE FAILS Thrilling Win By British Girls

440 MEDLEY RELAY RECORD SMASHED

Cardiff, July 25.

England today won the 440 yards Women's Medley swimming event in the British Empire and Commonwealth Games here in the world record time of 4 minutes 54 seconds.

This was the highlight of the penultimate day of the sixth British Empire and Commonwealth Games which brought forth another crop of records when the swimming programme was concluded tonight in the Empire Pool.

In all, four new world marks were set, one equalled and Games records broken in practically every event.

As usual, Australia took the lion's share of honours, but England, with a victory in the 440 yards medley relay and women's high diving, and Scotland's triumph in the men's high diving broke the monotony of Australian successes.

Most Exciting

The women's relay—was by far the most exciting event of the evening and the young English team thrilled the packed arena by clipping three whole seconds off the world record, held by Holland May 1957, with a time of 45.7 seconds.

The titanic effort of Dawn Fraser to catch little Diana Wilkinson over the last stage had the spectators jumping in their seats, cheering themselves hoarse.

The 14-year-old English girl started the final free-style relay with a lead of some five yards but the Australian reduced this with every stroke.

At the turn, there was only two yards in it. Dawn Fraser gradually got nearer and nearer until she was less than a yard away, but the tiny school girl with a prodigious last effort, finally managed to hold her off, finishing barely a second in front.

Fantastic Time

Dawn Fraser, the world record-holder, swam the final leg in the fantastic time of 60.7 seconds, the fastest ever swum by a woman over the distance.

Unfortunately, for the 19-year-old Australian, her superb performance cannot count as a world record for naturally she had a flying start. Diana swam her last stage in 64.8 seconds, which was also an outstanding performance.

Judy Grinham, the Olympic champion, gave the English team a great send-off by swimming the backstroke leg in 72.9 seconds, which equalled the world record for the 110 yards she set up last night. She finished two lengths ahead of Anne Nelson of Australia.

Anita Lonsbrough increased the advantage to three lengths and Christine Gosden to five yards. Then ensued the pulsating last leg.

The English girls were so delighted at their new world record that they pushed their coach, Alf Price, into the pool in spite of the fact that he was fully dressed, waiting the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh.

Duke Arrives

The Duke of Edinburgh paid his first visit to the new Empire Pool but he arrived after the great relay race and the events which followed were rather tame in comparison.

The evening had started with a runaway win for Jon Konrads in the 1,600 yards freestyle.

The young Australian won by over half a minute but even though there was nobody to push

Volunteers Ready

Peking, July 25.
Former Chinese "volunteers" who fought in the Korean war have declared that they were prepared to take up arms should the "American and British imperialists" not get out of the Middle East at once, the New China News Agency reported.

Another Great Visiting Artist

by D. E. GRAY

It was a great treat to hear Maurice Wilk last night in Loke Yew Hall, University of Hongkong. He is a violinist of the front rank, and Hongkong can say to Harry Odell who brought him here that this is perhaps the most musically violinist we have had in recent years. Music lovers are indebted to Mr Odell for another fine concert.

It is strange that people tend to sit in the front rows at celebrity concerts, for at the front one expects to catch all the usual bow and surface noises which a great violinist necessarily produces, in order to get his music to the ears of the man in the back row.

I was pleasantly surprised. One was conscious from the beginning of a great, rich, round tone produced from a superb instrument by a master who seemed to draw the tone out without a harsh moment. I believe he played on a Stradivari violin of the great period (1720).

The Beethoven Sonata, Op. 12 No. 1 demonstrated a beautiful partnership between Maurice Wilk and Moira Ren. It never ceases to amaze me how Moira Ren, in Sonata work, with a few hours of rehearsal, can

combine with soloists in Sonata playing, with the resulting superb artistry to which we have become accustomed in recent years. It was again so last night, and the Sonata was a real joy to experience.

The other main work in the first half was the D minor Partita—and I have never heard it played better. In this work it is customary to look forward to the Chaconne. But with Maurice Wilk our finest memories remain with the other four movements of this famous suite, because from the Allemande to the end of the Chaconne, everyone in the hall looked at the artist with 100 per cent attention and enjoyed and appreciated every minute of it.

It was a well-balanced programme, and the second half started with the Rondo Capriccioso by Saint-Saens. One is so accustomed to hearing this on records with an orchestra that I hope I can not misunderstand when I say the background is necessary and always thin in the absence of an orchestra.

In this connection, it is to be regretted that recent violinists and pianists do not seem to have been asked to play with the local symphony orchestra—the Hongkong Philharmonic. I am sure that Maurice Wilk would have been delighted to do so, and I think the public would have been equally pleased to hear them in Concerto playing.

Incidentally, I was amused by the naive "Programme Notes" who said that the Saint-Saens Rondo Capriccioso "imposes insuperable difficulties to all violinists not possessed of exceptional powers."

Any violinist would agree that the technical difficulties are not great and do not compare with those of the Wieniawski Polonaise—which was the last item listed on the programme.

Maurice Wilk is a musician, first and foremost—he also has a tremendous and accurate technique. And it always endears a great artist to his audience when he plays one wrong note (as Mr Wilk did in two harmonics in "The Girl with the Flaxen Hair").

I am reminded of a story concerning George Bernard Shaw, who once said to Heifetz, "Remember, my boy, to play one wrong note before you go to bed every night. The gods do not like perfection."

She's Going To Be An Interpreter

Among the many students returning to Hongkong for holidays is one who has just won her diploma in languages in the Geneva University—Chinese, English, French and Spanish. After a stay of a few months in Hongkong, Evelyn Chan is going abroad to get an interpreter's job.

Flying back with Evelyn over the Pole are her brothers, Wilfred and Roger Tyson. Wilfred is a fencing Blue at Edinburgh University and graduated last year with a B.Sc. and has now been accepted for a Doctorate by the University of Geneva. Roger is doing bio-chemistry at the University of Geneva.

The three arrive in Hongkong tomorrow and will be met by Miss Veronica Chan and their mother, Mrs. Jasmine Chan, who is a member of an old and well-known Hongkong family.

Business First

Teheran, July 25.
A high official of the Iranian Imperial Court said today "all reports about the Shah renouncing his throne are lies."

The source said that "anyone with common sense could see that the Shah has other things to attend to."—France-Press.

CHAMOUN'S BID TO END LEBANON REVOLT

Beirut, July 25.
Lebanese President, Camille Chamoun, was reliably reported today to be considering creation of broad coalition government to end the nation's continuing internal crisis.

Ready To Go

Chamoun is prepared, it was said, to disappear quietly from the scene following a satisfactory political solution.

Chamoun's major aim was understood to be unanimous agreement of all factions on a new president.

There were also reliable reports that Chamoun would be prepared to leave for the United States after the election on a good will mission leaving matters here wholly in the hands of the new president.

He is even said to be asking his own Parliamentary followers to elect a neutral.—U.P.I.

Big North Korean Arms Build-Up

Panmunjom, July 25.
The North Korean Communists have added more than 100,000 men to their army and have built their Air Force from scratch to almost 800 planes during the five years that have elapsed since the signing of the armistice on July 27, 1953.

The build-up in violation of the armistice agreement has covered every phase of the Communist military set-up, top level United Nations Command (UNC) intelligence sources told United Press International. But the biggest emphasis has been on troop strength and air power.—U.P.I.

BOYS AND GIRLS FACE SOLUTIONS:

VATICAN CITY REBUS: Museum; Swiss Guards; Church; Pope.

BACKWARD SENTENCE: Eugenio Pacelli (Pope Pius XII), born in Rome, was elected Pope, in succession to Pope Pius XI, March 2, 1959.

CROSSWORD:



HOW MANY WORDS: Ana; Ani; Ant; Can; Cat; Nat; Nit; Tan; Tic; Tin; Van; Vat.

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REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. Morning Medley: 11.50.
Year By Year—Songs Of 1954: 12.
Noon Tune Time: 12.30 p.m. Three Men On A Mile—Three Columbo, Johnny Desmond and Sammy Davis, Jr. 1.35. Weather Report. News and Special Announcements: 1.36. George Melachrino and his Orchestra: 2. Saturday Requiem—Presented by Nick Kendall: 3. Philo Arce—Episodes: 3.30. Patti Page Introduces "The Big Record": 4. Songs Of The Frontier: 4.30. Rhythm Parade: 5. Unit Requests—Presented by Gene: 6. Birthday Mailbag: 6.00. Melody Magic: 6.30. Meet The Stars: 7. Starford and Gordon MacLellan: 7.30. Popular Concert Favorites: 7.45. Song Time—Joyce Grenfell: 8. Time Signal and News: 8.00. Weather Forecast. Announcements and Interlude: 8.15. "Rhythm Rendezvous" Starting: 8.15. Page 8.00. Music From Miami: 10. Hollis Wood Open House—Starring: 10.00. Pearl and Frances Faye: 10.30. I Remember—When—Wendy Padell: 11.00. 11. Sixth British Empire and Commonwealth Games—Report From Cardiff On Yesterday's Events: 11.15. Cricket—England v. New Zealand: 11.30. Football: 11.45. British Empire and Commonwealth: 12.00. Final Events and Description Of The Closing Ceremony: 12.15. The White City: 1 a.m. Close Down.

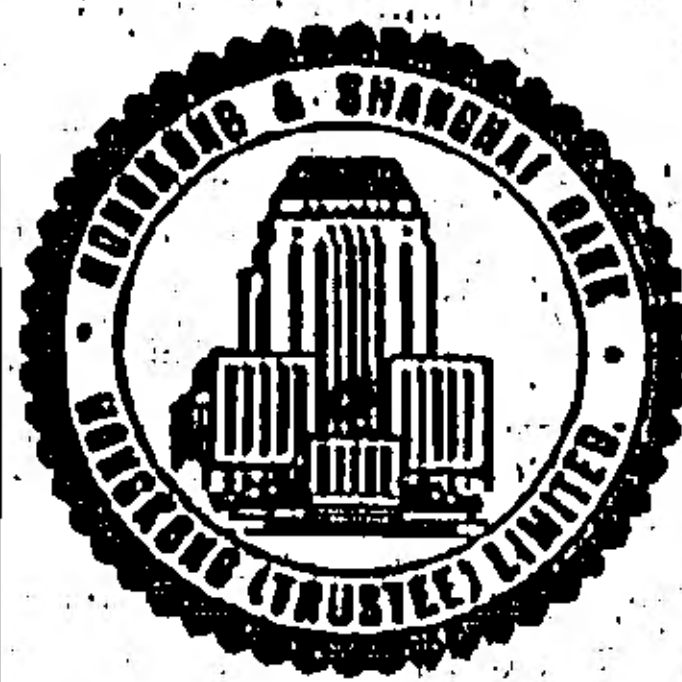
TELEVISION

2 p.m. "The Great Gildersleeve": 2.30. District Attorney: 3. Can-telope Features—WWII Meet Again: 4.30. "Life of Riley": 5. Children's Hour: Cartoon: 5.15. Children's Songs—sung by Robin Williams: 5.30. Children's Show—Jungle Jim in "The Adventurer": 6. Close Down.

7.30 p.m. Saturday Variety: The Chung Lee Show: 7.45. "Light-A-Dance": 8. The Showstop Of Circus and Dogs: 8.30. "Tales of the Texas Rangers": 9. News: 9.15. "Sue's Stripping Ann": 9.30. Episode 8—Lady From Paris: 9.45. Evening Post: Details Morgan in "Waterfront": 11. Late Night Final: Close Down.

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Lash Lath Loll Both Broth Truth
Plight Blight Right Quiz Stream
Steem Stead Sties Dares Seize
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Scorn Lore Core York Now Pin
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